Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** No 102

FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

WEEKLY

WOMEN OF RUSSIA are working, even fighting, beside their menfolk in defending the Soviet state and civilization from the hordes of Nazi barbarism. While the fighting services are bearing the brunt of the attack, women, old men, boys and girls have organized themselves in regiments of factory or agricultural workers. In this photograph as far as eye can see are many hundreds of peasants—women for the most part—digging trenches calculated to put a sudden and disastrous stop to the onslaught of Hitler's Panzer units. *British Paramount News*

The Way of the War

JAPAN STILL TREADS THE AGGRESSOR'S PATH

Is There No Alternative to 'Expand or Explode'?

THROUGH the streets of Hsinking came a host of Japanese flags; then, led by an officer, some 50 or 60 Japanese soldiers, each carrying before him a square wooden box covered with a white cloth supported by another cloth round the neck. Behind the soldiers walked a number of women and civilians. Each of the boxes contained the ashes of a Japanese trooper, killed up in the stern northern hills, now being borne back to the land of his fathers for honourable burial.

That is what Hessell Tiltman saw in the capital of Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. The procession was a reminder of the price of empire-building in Asia—or anywhere else. The Chinese roads are filled with those grim caravans; and to Japan, across the China Sea, ships make regular journeys with cargoes of those little urns. Already in what the Japanese still call the "Chinese incident" a million Japanese soldiers have been converted into handfuls of burnt dust; a million women in "Cherry-blossom Land" have wept beneath the wistaria and iris, and wiped away their tears on the sleeves of their bright-hued kimonos. The price of empire; and the price is not paid yet.

NOT just frantic greed and sheer aggressiveness have launched Japan along that road which leads through lakes of blood and seas of fire. Japan is one of the most densely populated countries in the world, and large tracts are mountainous and barren. Every inch of the land is cultivated, and the terraced hillsides and irrigated fields are a monument to the patient toil of the Japanese peasant, one that puts to shame our England where even in war-time so much is left to go waste and sour. The peasants are poor, terribly poor; although, it is doubtful whether any Oriental peasant is better off. In 1935, the last year before Japan's armies began to flounder in China, the excess of births over deaths in Japan was over a million, and even of late years, when so many of the fathers-that-might-be are at the front, the figure is not far short of 700,000. Japan has, in fact, an Oriental birth-rate combined with an Occidental death-rate.

WHAT then should be done? Birth control? But the Japanese population is already over a hundred millions, and although the practice of contraception is spreading it can hardly make much immediate difference to the problem. Besides, one factor making for large families is the absolute necessity, in Japanese eyes, of having sons, or at least a son, to hand on the family name and traditions. Emigration? Japan's capital has flowed freely into Manchukuo, but few Japanese have followed, since they take not at all kindly to the land's fog, rain and cold. The U.S.A. and the British Commonwealth ban Japanese emigrants. Brazil, which has received 180,000 Japanese since 1908, has now imposed a quota. To the islands of the South Seas there is a steady flow of Japanese; and the desire to secure Indo-China—and perhaps the Dutch East Indies, Malaya and the Philippines—has a population incentive just as it has a commercial. If in the past Japan has been able to find food for her hungry millions, it has been due to the ingenuity and enterprise of her industrialists and the ill-paid toil of her industrial population, who between them have made the words "Made in Japan" known throughout the world. But here again difficulties are encountered, for in Japan as in Britain machines are supplanting human labour; and by tariffs, quotas, and other restrictions on the free flow of commerce, foreign countries are doing their utmost to stem the flood of Japanese goods.

THEN in the matter of the distribution of territory and raw materials, Japan feels that she has had a raw deal. Other empires have vast territories which they may exploit, huge areas which they can convert into closed markets for their goods. It is only natural that Britain should see to it that the Malayans are clad, if clad at all, in cotton garments made in Lancashire; but the Japanese think it is just as natural that they should be permitted to trade their cotton lengths, made in Osaka, for the Malayan tin and rubber of which they are so desperately in need. Manchukuo is providing Japan with coal, iron ore, timber, wheat, and soya bean. From China they hope to get rice. But it is the tropical products which they need most, and these products—oil, rubber and tin in particular—are certainly not to be had for the asking. Indo-China, with its far-spreading rice fields, its plantations of tea and maize, its forests of hardwood and bamboo, may fall an easy prey. But for the riches of Malaya and the Indies Japan will have to fight—and fight with the dice loaded heavily against her.

OTHER factors making for an imperialistic policy are the exceptionally strong and privileged position of the fighting services in Japan as compared with the civil service. Army and Navy officers hold all the key positions in the State; and they do so, it would seem, with the almost complete approval of the Japanese people. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in Japan the Army *is* the people, and its soldiers living on twopence a day and its caste of officers condemned by the salary scale to the most frugal existence compare most favourably with the bureaucrats and big industrialists who get rich on the profits of war contracts. The militarists are apt to discount economic considerations, and when the economists urge that Japan is being beggared in the process of empire-building, they reply that without that empire Japan must sink into a position of penury and hopeless subordination to the countries of the West.

This brings us to the nationalistic urge, which finds its centre and its inspiration in the person of the Emperor. The Japanese, it has been well said, live in two worlds, the modern and the feudal. To take an example, the business man who works in an office equipped with every modern appliance, who dictates in English to his stylishly-attired and coiffured stenographer, removes his shoes as soon as he crosses the threshold of his house, changes his suit, and takes his meal of rice and fish in traditional fashion, seated on a cushion on the floor. The Japanese have no difficulty in reconciling their belief in the divinity—yes, the divinity—of the Emperor with all the adjuncts of western life.

Finally, there is the almost mystic conception of Japan's Pan-Asiatic mission. Asia for the Asiatics is her war-cry—with the Japanese as the privileged overlords.

These are some of the reasons which have persuaded Japan to take the aggressor's road. There is another: the impossibility of turning back. Ahead lies disaster—perhaps; but at least, too, the possibility of tremendous triumph. But to retreat spells disaster and death.

E. Royston Pike

SOLDIER OF THE MIKADO. Some may find in this Japanese soldier all the sinister craftiness popularly associated with the Oriental. In others, however, the suspicion will be diluted by pity for the humble pawn, destined to suffer and perhaps to die, as a million of his fellows have suffered and died, in the wind-swept wastes of Manchukuo and the treacherous yellow mud of the Chinese valleys. *Photo, Natori, Tokyo*

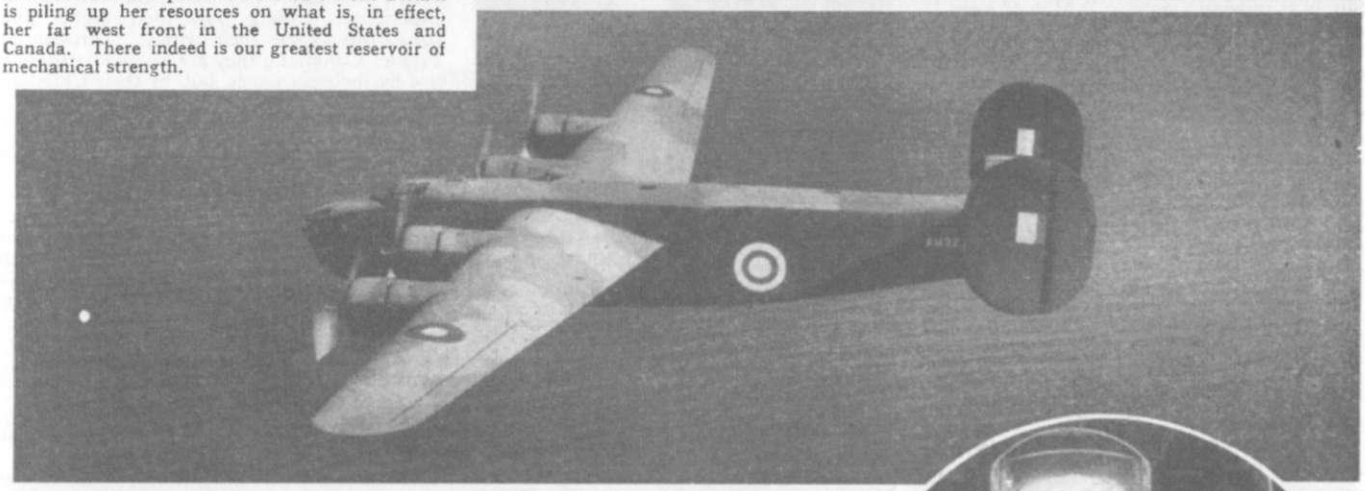
American 'Liberators' Fly in Freedom's Cause

WITH the coming autumn and winter the British public will strengthen their air-raid discipline. Make no mistake, the Hun will come again. But we are now in 1941, and if London and provincial towns could "take it" when we had little defence and means of retaliating, the position is now mightily changed for the better.

Lord Halifax, on a tour of the Consolidated Aircraft Factory at San Diego, California, made this significant remark :

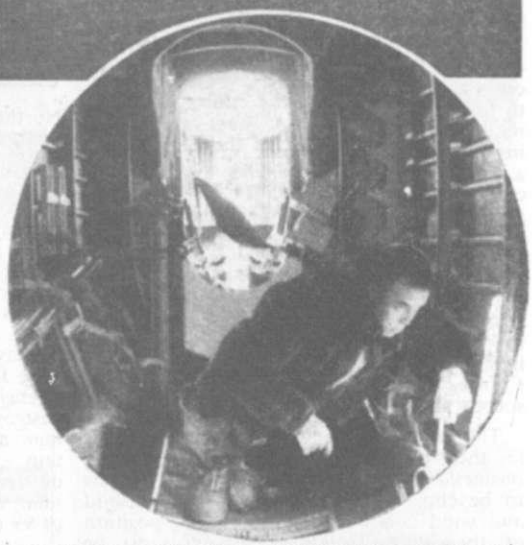
"As the nights get longer the 'Liberator' bombers you send us will be sent over Berlin, and we hope to be able to alter the outward appearance of that city and make some parts of it look like London looks now."

In this page are some photographs of the famous four-engined "Liberators." They and other American aircraft are being turned out in thousands, and likewise thousands of British pilots are being trained to fly them. As Hitler squanders his machines and petrol on the east front Britain is piling up her resources on what is, in effect, her far west front in the United States and Canada. There indeed is our greatest reservoir of mechanical strength.



The four-engined Liberator in flight. An American bomber with a tricycle undercarriage, it can develop 1,200 h.p. at take-off. Its length is 66 feet and span 110 feet. Brought across the Atlantic by an Anglo-American crew, landfall was made in 8 hours.

The photograph at the top of the page shows the wireless operator aboard a Liberator. "There are a hundred more like this on the way to help you finish the job," Lord Halifax wrote to Mr. Churchill on the tail of a machine before it took off.



An American from Cuba, who has joined the Air Transport Auxiliary, in the tail of a Liberator. Many American pilots and mechanics are helping, like their compatriots, in the factories in the great cause against the Nazi tyrants.

BENEATH THE WINGS of a Liberator. Setting off from the Atlantic coast, this machine arrives in England in less time than it takes for a train to reach Scotland from London.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

IN his broadcast from London on July 28 Mr. Harry Hopkins, Mr. Roosevelt's special envoy to Britain, promised us more and more planes. Saying that he did not come from America alone, but with twenty other bombers made in America, he gave us heartening news of the tremendous work that is being done in the United States to assist the Allied cause. "The President is one with your Prime Minister in his determination to break the ruthless power of that sinful psychopathic of Berlin." Mr. Hopkins continued, "I have learned that most of the war material America has shipped to this island has arrived here, although some of the precious cargoes have gone to the bottom of the sea."

This welcome American, who is controller of the Lease and Lend programme, made it clear that the verbal messages of sympathy and good cheer have now been reinforced with the practical help of the whole of the United States industry.

Giving a brief summary of what is really being done, Mr. Hopkins remarked that "during the past several months aeroplanes numbering thousands made in American factories have been flown or shipped across the Atlantic. These range from the largest bombers to the fastest fighters. They are in combat now. I have seen in the past week the great Boeing four-engine bombers return from Germany. A vast programme for building thousands of these giants of the air is far advanced."

IF Hitler imagines that he can win this war before the industrial might of America can take effect, Mr. Hopkins reassured us with these words. "The Nazis will never be able to move their war factories far enough away to keep them from the eyes of the combined air strength of our countries. The enormous amount of war material which is en route now will reach here safely. President Roosevelt promised that he would take steps to ensure the delivery of the goods consigned to Britain. Our President does not give his word lightly."

What Is Your Picture of an 'Offensive Sweep?'

When in a B.B.C. news bulletin it is announced that our bombers and fighters have carried out yet another offensive sweep over Northern France, what sort of picture does it conjure up in our minds? That was the question asked by a spokesman of the Air Ministry who came to the microphone after the 9 o'clock news on July 22; and here is the answer he gave.

IF you could hear the cheers that go up daily from the towns, villages and the fields of Kent, from the hearts of those who go down to the sea in ships; if you could see our bombers escorted by squadron upon squadron, wing upon wing, of our fighters, pass overhead, you would know these daily offensive operations are not mere "tip and run" raids. I'm told the sight of them in a summer sky over Kent is one never to be forgotten, as fair a sight as can be seen in war. A majestic, awe-inspiring sight, one that makes you catch your breath as each squadron wheels into its allotted fighting position. Surely as moving a sight to "Men of Kent" and "Kentish men" as, long ago, the sight of Drake's ships shaking the wind into their sails and setting their course across the sea, to seek out and destroy the enemy, must have seemed to that little knot of people on Plymouth Hoe.

Unfortunately, it is given to but few to see this sight. I wish it were otherwise; I wish it were possible for all of you who are listening to me now, particularly those of you who have helped to build those aeroplanes, to see it just once. There'd be so great a surge of pride and gladness in your hearts as would, I'm sure, make the daily task of each one of you take on a new meaning. But as we can't all see it, if you'll bear with me for a few moments I'll try to tell you some of the history behind these "sweeps," as they're so often called—what we're doing, what they mean.

You know, we're a curious race, we British—we're always ready to belittle and decry our own efforts and abilities, yet ever ready to laud up to the skies the efforts of other nations, and *their* ability to wage war. For instance, we always think of the German as a past-master of organizing ability. We credit him with remarkable foresight and ability to plan and to arrange each action and battle right down to the minutest detail, to a precise timetable, and with a thoroughness that inspires success. Well, believe it or not, that virtue is not the sole prerogative of the Hun. If deep thought, careful planning, thoroughness—inspire success, then these fighter-bomber operations of ours, far into France, in broad daylight, also deserve the success they are achieving.

The talk of those who prepare the plans for these operations is, at times, an exacting business. Racing against the clock—targets to be chosen—what's the weather?—cloud and wind conditions over France—position of the sun? Hundreds of pilots to be "briefed"—speeds to be calculated—time-tables worked out to a split minute—every squadron, every wing assigned to its task: where it will fight, how, its height, its route, its role, its time of arrival over the target, or to the area allotted to it either as support or to cover the withdrawal of the main force. Every squadron must also know, not only what it has got to do, but where every other squadron, every other wing, is going to be, and what they are going to do at the same time.

And then, when zero hour arrives, in an Operations Room far below the ground, as if by magic we see our cavalcade set out, not as you who live in south-east England see it, in all its brave splendour and array, but as coloured counters on a table map. Far beyond the range of human eye we see them go—wing converging upon wing at the appointed place as the impending battle unfolds before our eyes.

Now the boot is on the other foot, and it's the Hun who stands on the defensive in Northern France, as once we stood last year in Southern England.

WING COMMANDER EDWARDS, who won the D.F.C. for his part in an attack upon an enemy convoy off the Dutch coast in June 1941 has now had conferred upon him the Victoria Cross.

Hugh Idwal Edwards joined the Royal Australian Air Force in 1935, and in 1936 became a pilot officer in the R.A.F. Later given command of No. 105 squadron, in May 1941 he was promoted Acting Wing Commander.

His V.C. was awarded for skill and bravery shown in planning and leading a daylight attack upon Bremen on July 4. Despite heavy anti-aircraft defences of the town he brought his formation 50 miles overland to the target, which was attacked at a height of little more than 50 feet.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Last year our lads were fighting over London; now it's Lille. What the Hun found unprofitable last year over here in England we are now doing daily, sometimes twice and three times a day—escorting our heaviest bombers in broad daylight to targets farther into Occupied France than London stands within our shores. We get the fighting now all right—they can't ignore our "heavies." Why, in the 31 days from June 14 to July 14 our fighter pilots in these offensive sweeps have destroyed 311 German aircraft for certain, and probably destroyed or damaged many others, for a loss of 99 of our pilots.

I wish you could see the Hun now as I see him upon his Western Front; once so sure of himself and so arrogant—he's apprehensive now—all of a "jump" and on his toes—never knowing when and where the next attack is coming. Already he is showing a marked disinclination to fight. This relentless "coming for him" over his own aerodromes is having its effect. The man-for-man ascendancy our pilots won last year is being added to daily, and the effect of all this on his morale, barely noticeable as yet, will, of course, pave the way to his ultimate defeat—for when morale is broken, victory is swift.

And of our Fighter Pilots, what am I to say? I know what *they* would say if you asked them: "It's just a piece of cake." But, believe me, it's not. They're having to fight as hard as they fought last year and a great deal farther from home. It's just their way of saying their tails are up, there's nothing wrong with their morale. Many of them are the same youngsters who fought all through the Battle of Britain—only they aren't youngsters any more, but veterans of experience, leading now their flights and squadrons—some their wings. Throughout Fighter Command they are known personally not by their surnames, but by their Christian names—"Victor," "Douglas," "Harry," "Adolf," or "the Admiral."

As you hear each day in the future as a matter of course the brief announcement in the "News," perhaps those words will now paint a warmer picture in your mind—a picture of great beauty as our vast formations set out beneath a summer sky, a picture such as our fighter pilots see when each hour is fully charged with excitement, deadly earnestness, breathless hope that turns to exhilaration as in the heat of battle Messerschmitts go tumbling down, and in other fleeting moments charged with fear of a crippled aircraft in a sky that seems full of Huns.

And if you're very quiet you'll hear the cheers in Kent that speed our boys upon their way; and fainter still, perhaps, the ones that welcome their arrival over France—the silent cheers that live in all true Frenchmen's hearts, who understand the purpose of our coming.

How high must run their hopes as they look up and see this great spearhead of our air offensive speed across their skies! As the shadow of our "V" formations dance across their café tables, in your imagination you will see the many broken matches Frenchmen leave behind them there and in the street—to taunt the Hun; broken matches, paper strips, shaped to the letter "V"—for Victory.

OUR AIR WAR ON ENEMY SHIPPING

Over 73 Vessels (280,000 tons) Sunk or Hit in Three Weeks

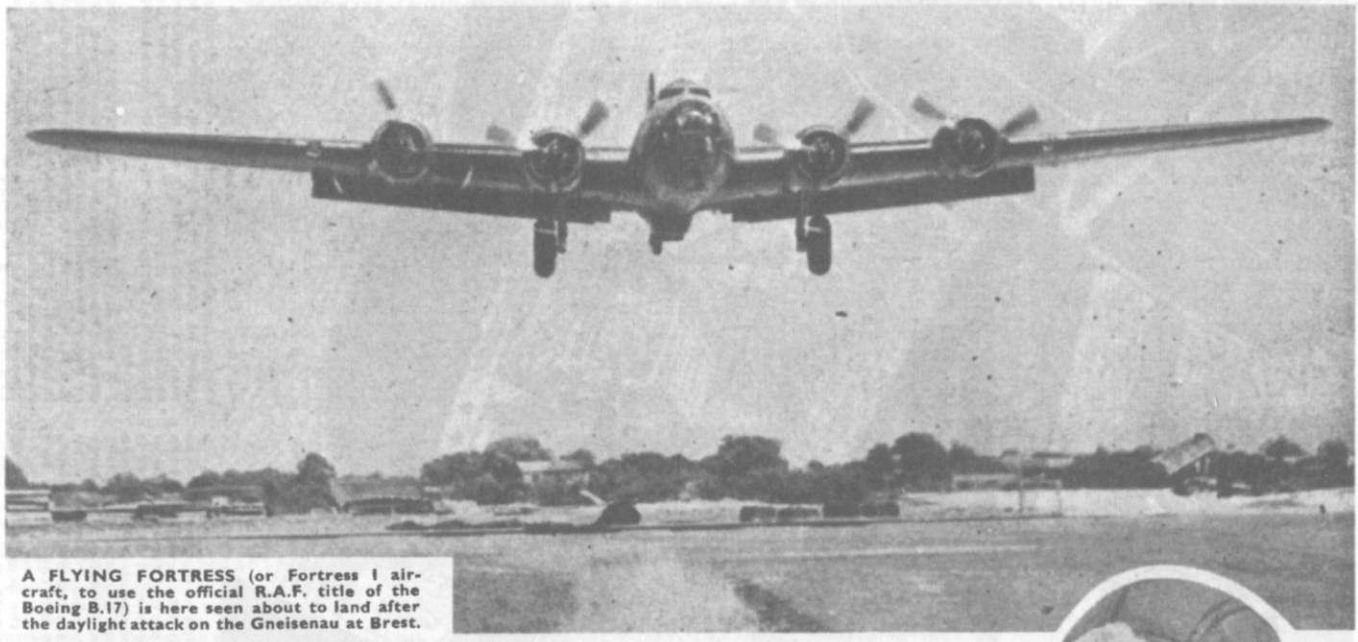
Date	Targets	Time	Aircraft	Results
July 1-5	3 S.S. 1 Convoy Barges	Day	Bl, Be, Hu, B, F	1 5-6,000 tons S.S. torpedoed 1 4,000 ton, 1 6,000 ton in convoy hit 1 3,000 ton S.S. sunk, 1 barge destroyed
6-10	Patrol Ships Docks 2 Convoys S.S.	Day and Night	B, Bl, C.C.	1 Liner at Brest hit 5 patrol ships sunk, 3 damaged 7 S.S. in convoy hit 6 S.S. 20,000 tons, total loss, 2 hit
11-15	Minesweeper Patrol Vessels Mcht. Ships 1 Convoy	Day	Hu, Bl, Be	1 Minesweeper on fire 2 6,000 ton mcht. ships hit in dock 1 6,000 ton, 1 3,000 ton in convoy hit 1 1,500 ton escort hit
16-20	2 S.S. 2 Convoys 3 Tankers Shpg. at Rotterdam Shpg. (at sea) Motor Ship	Day and Night	Bl, Be, Hu, B, F, C.C.	2 S. S., 3,500 and 6,000 tons, hit 7 convoy ships, 38,000 tons, hit and fired 1 tanker, 6,000 ton, torpedoed; 2 10,000 and 7,000 tons on fire 17 at Rotterdam hit, 90-100,000 tons out of action 5 at Rotterdam hit, 40-45,000 tons, severe damage 4 at sea, 11,000 tons total, hit
21-28	S.S., Patrol	Day & Night	Bl, Be	1 tanker, 1,500 tons fired 2 S.S. sunk

S.S.=Supply Ships; Bl=Blenheim Bomber; Be=Beaufort (Coastal); Hu=Hudson (Coastal); B=Bomber; F=Fighter; C.C.=Coastal Command.

Note. In the first 3 weeks covered by the table, 30 attacks were made, resulting in destruction or severe damage of 73 or more vessels with a tonnage (supply, convoy, ships and tankers alone) of over 280,000 tons (other tonnage figures not available). This exceeds British merchant shipping losses for the whole month of June.

R.A.F. attacks on shipping in the Middle East, July 1-28: 21 ships, over 75,000 tons hit, mostly destroyed.

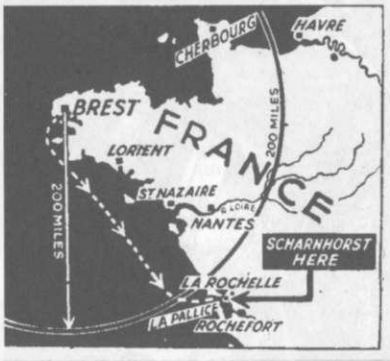
From the Stratosphere Our Boeings Bombed Brest

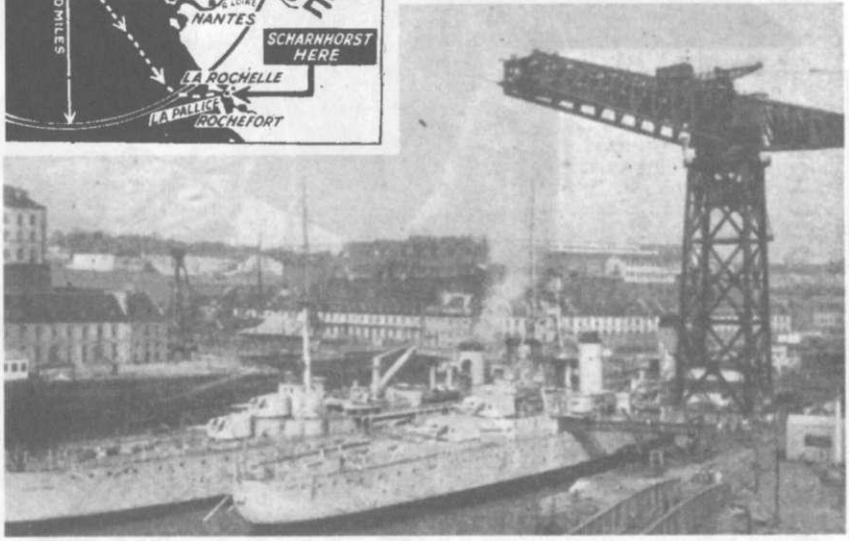


A FLYING FORTRESS (or Fortress I aircraft, to use the official R.A.F. title of the Boeing B.17) is here seen about to land after the daylight attack on the Gneisenau at Brest.

Off to Brest to attack the Gneisenau on July 23, the crew of a Flying Fortress enter their aircraft. Manned by picked crews and flying at a tremendous height, these powerful four-engined bombers formed the spearhead of the attack.

At such a height did the Boeings fly that Brest, in the words of a pilot, "seemed no bigger than my thumb." Oxygen masks and electrically heated clothing were worn by the crew because of the rarified air and bitter cold.





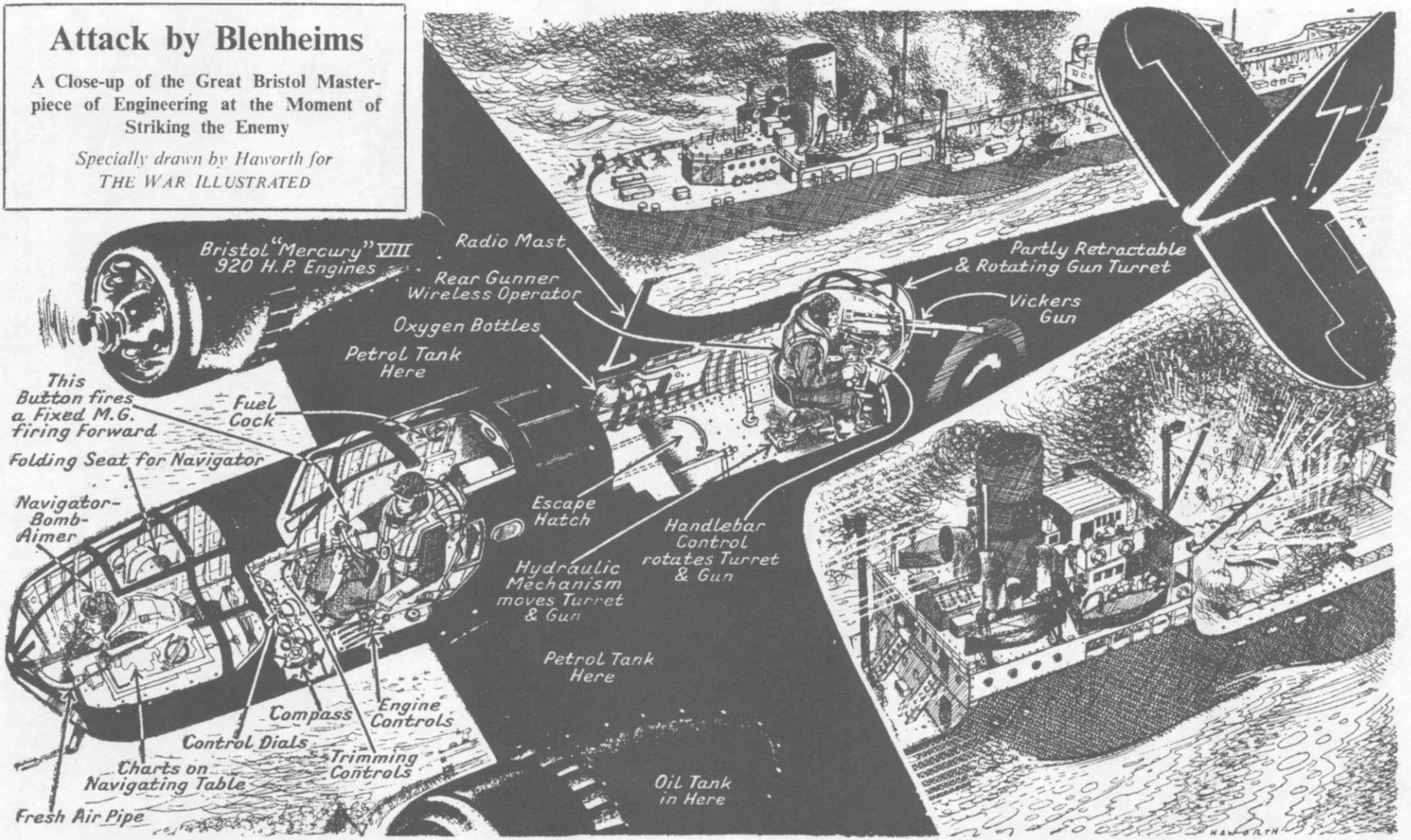
Left, a Boeing crew enjoy a cup of hot tea before taking off. Above, the harbour at Brest, with two French cruisers, the Duguay-Trouin and Dupleix, at anchor. The map shows the route taken by the Scharnhorst after she left Brest on July 22. She was spotted by reconnaissance planes and on July 23 and 24 was heavily bombed at La Pallice.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright. Map by courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

Attack by Blenheims

A Close-up of the Great Bristol Masterpiece of Engineering at the Moment of Striking the Enemy

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



HITS SCORED by a Bristol Blenheim Mark IV on enemy coastal shipping are shown in this diagram. This incident will have been repeated many times during the recent heavy attacks by Blenheims of Coastal and Bomber Commands on the enemy seaborne traffic (see table in page 28).

The Bristol Blenheims, which have taken part in a great many raids, including the first raid of the war made on Wilhelmshaven, can claim a large share in the R.A.F.'s bid for air superiority. Since 1936, when the first Blenheim appeared, as the result of modifications to a fast transport monoplane called the Bristol 142, these aircraft have been in use by the R.A.F.

Design and Performance

When the present Mark IV appeared, in 1938, it was christened the "long-nose" Blenheim—previous models had a very stubby front. The new design improved the speed and manoeuvrability, and made room for the navigator's table, plus better space for the bomb-aiming arrangements. Speed, range and bomb-carrying capacity were also increased. The last will now have been further increased by our new type of bombs, which have greater destructive power for a given weight. The speed of the Blenheim is about 295 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft.; range is 1,900 miles (at about 200 m.p.h.), and service ceiling is 27,280 ft.

History of the Blenheim

The Blenheim is in the line of descent from the old Bristol Fighter (nicknamed the Brisfit) of the last war. Its evolution is part of the romance of Sir George White's mobile-minded genius, for it was this enterprising merchant-venturer who registered the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, Ltd., in the infancy of flying. Sir George liked things that moved quickly. He bought up the old horse-drawn tramways and electrified them. He gave Bristol the most efficient bus and taxi service in England.

In 1913 Frank Barnwell, the Scottish engineer, produced a small biplane with a 50 h.p. rotary Gnome engine which had the then phenomenal speed of nearly 90 m.p.h., and further progress may be traced in many successful experiments and revisions of types. We had the Bristol Bullet, Fighter and Bulldog, all of which made aeroplane history.

It was in 1935 that Lord Rothermere, looking ahead with patriotic vision and warning Britain of her peril, presented the latest Bristol to the R.A.F. Upon this machine the famous Blenheim is founded. At this supreme moment of Britain's danger and heroism let us think gratefully of the pioneers who by their skill and industry also helped to put the R.A.F. "on top."

The Convoy Got Through—But Not the Italians

Towards the end of July there were two memorable achievements by our forces in the Mediterranean. One was the successful passage of an important convoy through the Sicilian Channel in the face of intense enemy attacks ; the other was the complete repulse of a sea attack upon the harbour of Valetta. Both are described in what follows.

"THE convoy must go through." This order to the Western Mediterranean Fleet was given by Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville just before an important British convoy, which for three days and nights was subjected to incessant enemy attacks by sea and air in the Sicilian Channel, set out from its assembly point. How important this convoy was may be judged from the broadcast message of thanks from the First Lord of the Admiralty, given in the panel on this page ; how well the units of the Mediterranean Fleet played their part is shown by the fact that the convoy arrived safely at its destination.

The convoy was spotted on July 22, its second day out, and that night an attack was made by an enemy U-boat. This was unsuccessful and it is thought that the U-boat was destroyed by prompt counter-action.

FIRST LORD THANKS THE SAILORS

YOU have this week carried through a most memorable achievement. "The safe and timely arrival of a convoy" in wartime is, of course, always an achievement, but this was an event which will stand out in the naval history of the war.

The destination of the convoy was in a very dangerous spot ; the route was through narrow waters, close to enemy bases, subjected to attacks from the air, from surface ships and lurking E-boats, from the U-boat torpedoes and deadly mines. The attacks came . . . You did not turn aside, but pressed on.

The safe and timely arrival of the convoy you knew meant reinforcements for our forces in the Mediterranean in ships, fresh troops, munitions and stores. You fought back . . .

You have all been into the jaws of death for a great cause, you have all maintained the highest standards of the Royal Navy and of the Merchant Navy. We salute the brave memory of those who have fallen in the battle, heroes and your shipmates.

Admiral Somerville and all you officers and men—are you listening ? I thank you on behalf of the Admiralty. The whole nation thanks you.

From a broadcast message by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, on July 26, 1941.

The next morning the first of a series of air attacks developed, an eye-witness account of which is given in page 45. These attacks were made by torpedo-carrying aircraft and high-level bombers. Of six torpedo-carrying aircraft which got within range, three were shot down by A.A. fire. In this action one British destroyer, H.M.S. Fearless, was hit by a torpedo and had subsequently to be sunk by our forces.

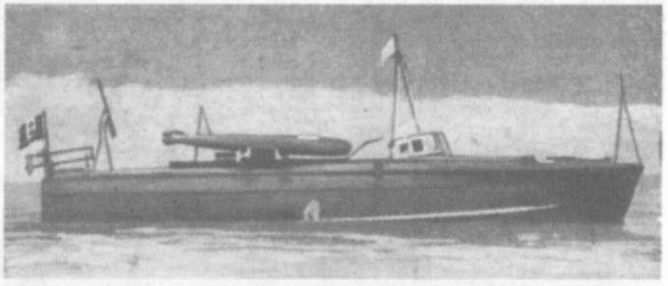
The high-level bombing attack was unsuccessful ; two of the bombers were shot down by naval aircraft, and two others were thought to be destroyed. During the afternoon of July 23 there were further attacks, but these, too, were abortive, two S.79s being shot down by British fighters. Another attack that evening, when the convoy was very close to enemy bases, was rendered fruitless by the superb handling of our ships. Enemy aircraft were seen to be searching unsuccessfully for the convoy and around midnight the sea was lit up by flares.

Early on the morning of July 24 six E-boats made an attack which lasted about an hour, and it was during this attack that the only ship of the convoy to receive any damage was hit. Nevertheless, she was able to continue and was subsequently twice unsuccessfully attacked. One E-boat was sunk and another probably damaged.

There followed three more air attacks. In none of these were any of our ships hit. One German dive-bomber was shot down by A.A. fire, and our fighters accounted for two Cants and two S.79s, while another S.79 was damaged. Altogether, in this long series of heavy air attacks at least 12 enemy aircraft are known to have been destroyed and several others were badly damaged. Apart from the loss of the Fearless, the only damage inflicted upon the units of the fleet was upon one cruiser and this resulted in a small number of casualties. Although the route of the convoy compelled it from time to time to pass close to enemy bases all the dangers of sea and air attack were successfully defied and the ships were brought safely to port.

Shortly after this significant naval event, another, no less significant, took place at Malta. Just before 5 a.m. on Saturday, July 26, a naval attack was made upon the harbour of Valetta. Italian E-boats were seen off the harbour entrance and the defences at once engaged the enemy. So accurate was the fire that one of the E-boats blew up on being hit and four others were destroyed. It was then discovered that the E-boats were acting as a covering screen for small torpedo-carrying craft which tried to penetrate the harbour defences. Not one succeeded in the task, and eight of them were either blown up or sunk by gunfire from the shore defences.

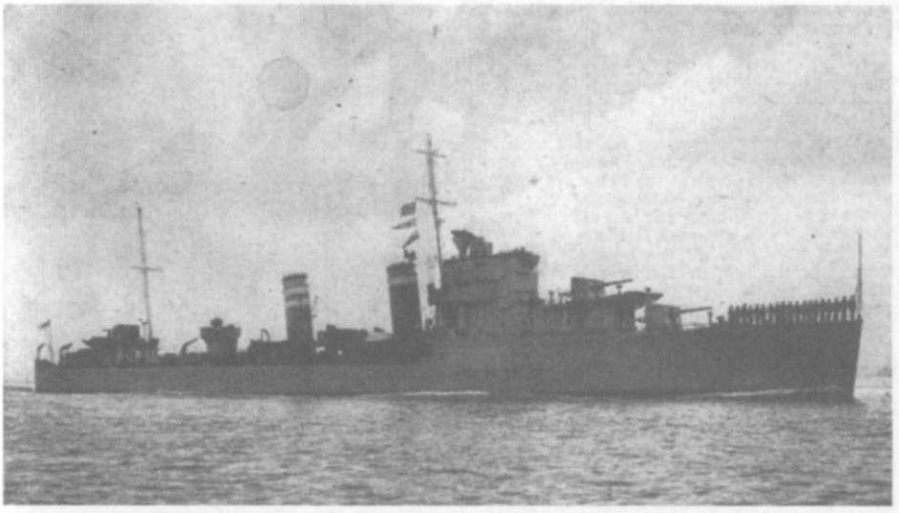
Seeing that the attempt was doomed to failure, the remaining E-boats withdrew but were pursued by R.A.F. fighters which sunk four more of them and damaged others. Then the R.A.F. encountered enemy aircraft which were trying to give support to the retreating naval units. Three of these were shot down into the sea for the loss of one British fighter, the pilot of which was saved.



ITALIAN E-BOAT of the type classed as Motoscafi Anti-Sommergibili or Anti-Submarine Motor-boats. These craft have a range of some 250 miles, are manned by a crew of about 12 and carry an armament of shell-firing automatic guns, as well as two side-firing torpedo tubes. Their speed is about 45 knots. *Photo, "Jane's Fighting Ships"*

It would seem, from the reports, that the assault on the harbour was made by eight small torpedo-carrying craft, not one of which survived the attempt. Judging from accounts published in Italian newspapers, the "secret" torpedo-carrying craft used in this ill-fated attempt were of the type used when on October 30, 1940, an abortive attempt was made to sink ships in the harbour of Gibraltar. According to the Rome press, the crews, wearing bathing suits, cork belts and crash helmets, man the torpedoes, which are fitted with a device for climbing over boom defences, and afterwards detach themselves, returning in a tiny boat fitted with an outboard motor which is attached to the torpedo on the outward trip. Not without reason the men are called "suicide sailors," but in this case their suicide seems to have been to little purpose. The "Times of Malta," describing the attack, said: "The enemy has now been made aware that Malta's coastal defences are not less powerful than the air barrage. . . . To Malta goes the honour of having repelled the first sea attack on British territory." The Maltese themselves, says Reuter, are proud of the part they played in this engagement. They had been waiting a long time to have a chance of using their guns and they made the most of it alongside the British garrison.

There was only one man among them who was disappointed—a Maltese gunner with 34 years' service with the Malta Artillery who had taken a day's leave inland. Cursing his luck in two languages and a few odd dialects, he swore he would not take another day's leave until he, too, had "had a go" at the E-boats. Such is the spirit of the Maltese, but it is doubtful whether this man will have another chance, for it is believed in authoritative quarters that the Italians will be in no hurry to repeat an attack from the sea.



H.M.S. FEARLESS, lost while escorting a convoy through the Sicilian Channel on July 23, 1941, was a destroyer of 1,375 tons, launched and completed in 1934. She normally carried a complement of 145, and the Admiralty communiqué stated that the number of casualties was not large. She was one of eight destroyers of the class to which she gave her name. *Photo, Wright & Logan*

Our Searchlight on the War

AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO THE R.A.F.

THE "War Birds of the Royal Air Force" is the name of an American organization composed of 150 business and professional men who served as pilots and observers in the R.A.F. during the Great War. They have their headquarters at Detroit, Michigan, and many are again actively engaged either with the R.A.F. or the U.S. Air Corps. There arrived recently at the Air Ministry a large envelope containing a parchment scroll bearing the winged emblem and seal of the "War Birds" and a resolution passed at their last annual reunion, in which they salute the R.A.F. and pledge themselves to uphold the "ideals of American democracy for which our common forbears died that we might live as free men." Accompanying the scroll was a letter which read: "We daily view with intense admiration the reports of the magnificent exploits of present members of the R.A.F. in their struggle with the enemies of free peoples, and have complete confidence that their herculean efforts will be rewarded with ultimate victory."

HELP FOR THE BOMBED-OUT

FIRST the mobile canteen sped to heavily raided areas, carrying its welcome freight of food and drink. Now comes the office on wheels, set up by the Assistance Board. The first of a fleet of twelve of these units was recently on view in Hyde Park, London. It is staffed by fourteen civil servants, and speeds to the aid of blitz victims with money and coupons to tide them over the first days of homelessness and desolation. Members of these crews are carefully chosen, and between them they speak many languages, so that claims may be settled immediately and relief given on the spot.

A MOBILE OFFICE of the Assistance Board, the first of its kind, will tour heavily raided areas to bring relief in money and coupons to blitzed towns. The crew comprises fourteen Civil Servants who between them speak many languages.
Photo, Planet News

POLICE—BUT NO CONQUEST!

GERMANY, it would seem, has long had in mind the conquest of the Ukraine. For some time a police college has been in existence at Przemysl, where Ukrainian candidates are trained to act as quisling police. Two days after the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, the Nazis, feeling that the moment was propitious, published in "Krakauer Zeitung" an illustrated article on the college and its courses of instruction. Pending the occupation of the Ukraine, some of these trained police have already been sent to serve in parts of German-occupied Poland.

NAZI PERSONA NON GRATA

BOLIVIA'S German Minister, Ernst Wendler, was given 24 hours to leave the country on July 20, when a state of siege was proclaimed following the discovery of pro-Axis intrigues centralized in the German Legation at La Paz. Colonel Murillo, Bolivian Minister of the Interior, responsible for this prompt action, declared that the Government has documentary proof of political intervention by a foreign nation to undermine public order. Several propagandist newspapers, including the Socialist "La Calle," were suppressed, and the editors arrested. Two days later Germany issued an indignant protest, asserting that the charges were unfounded. At the same time the Bolivian Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin was given his congé.

FIRST M.C. ON BRITISH SOIL

THE first Military Cross to be won in this country, in this war, has been awarded to Second-Lieut. J. D. K. Hague, of the Scots Guards. The exploit that earned him the honour occurred during the Battle of Britain. One day last August dive-bombers swooped down over the airfield where he was in charge of a detachment, and wrecked his headquarters. Oblivious of a badly injured shoulder, Mr. Hague extricated himself, collected his men and shepherded them to shelter 100 yards away. More bombs fell within a few yards of the party, and they were subjected to machine-gun attacks from enemy 'planes. Two N.C.O.s received the Military Medal for their share in this disciplined withdrawal.

DRAMATIC R.A.F. RESCUE

UNDETERRED by rifle fire from a large and hostile crowd of Arabs, a Coastal Command Swordfish recently landed in French Morocco to pick up the crew of a wrecked Blenheim. Aircraft had been sent to look for the Blenheim, which was overdue at her base, and the burnt-out shell of the bomber was first sighted by a Sunderland flying-boat, which also spotted the crew of three apparently uninjured. The Swordfish, which was assisting in the search, was summoned, and made a neat landing near the stranded airmen. The three scrambled aboard and, despite the load of five men in place of the normal two, the Swordfish took off without mishap and made a safe return. No one was injured, and only two bullet holes in the fuselage bore witness to the volley of fire under which the rescue was effected.

'D. K. S.'

IN Denmark a little badge has made its unobtrusive appearance. It consists of three letters, and in these days of initial short-cuts, might pass unnoticed, were it not worn in nearly everybody's buttonhole. It consists of the letters "D. K. S.," standing for "Den kolde Skulder" (the cold shoulder), and its wearers are pledged to this method of frigid passive resistance against the Germans in occupation. They have many ways of presenting the cold shoulder. German military bands play to empty seats; restaurants frequented by the Nazis are avoided by the Danes; German soldiers find that shopkeepers have mysteriously run out of commodities for which they ask, although Danes manage to get what they want. Of all the occupied countries Denmark is the best treated, suffers the fewest restrictions, has the most food. Nevertheless, the Danes persist in turning the cold shoulder.

RUSSIA'S DEFENCE CHIEFS

WHEN, by a decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet issued on July 20, Stalin was nominated People's Commissar for Defence, he thus took over in name the supreme command of the Russian forces which he had in fact possessed since the beginning of the war with Germany. At the same time Marshal Timoshenko was made Assistant Commissar for Defence, with five vice-commissars: Army Commander Shadenko, Lt.-Gen. Fedorenko, in charge of tanks, Lt.-Gen. Zhigareff, in charge of the Air Force, Lt.-Gen. Khruleff, in charge of supplies, and Mr. Peresipkin. Stalin's genius for organizing supplies and administration brought him into prominence during the Revolution, and in recent years he has overhauled all Russia's military reserves and communications.

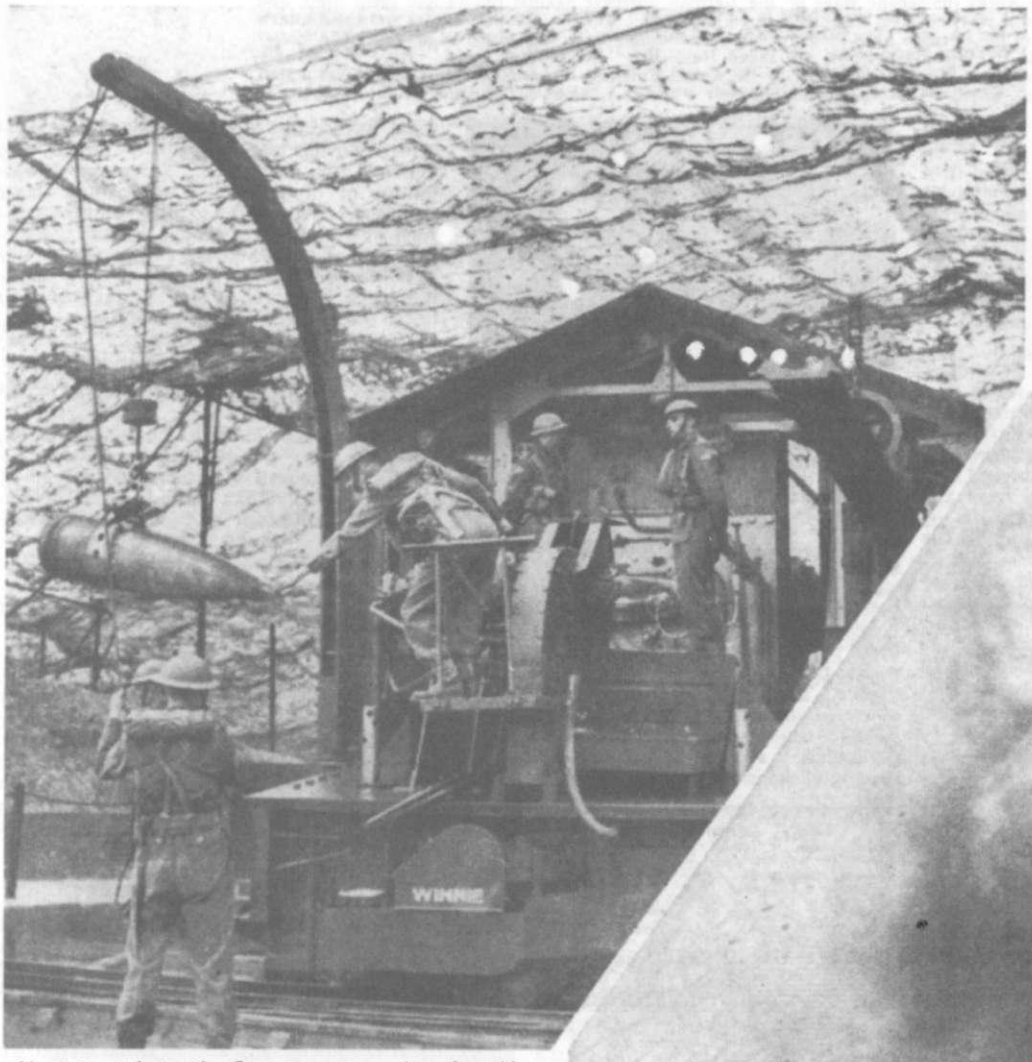
FIRE BROOMS, made of twigs, like those above, have been placed up and down the countryside for use should crops be fired by incendiary bombs.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"

FLIGHT OF THE SCHARNHORST

DURING the night of July 22-23 the Scharnhorst was moved from Brest to La Pallice, near La Rochelle, 240 miles south. The Germans attempted to conceal the fact that she was gone by retaining the camouflage netting over her old berth and simulating her familiar outline by mooring beneath it a 530-foot oil tanker, with small ships at bow and stern to give the required length, all fitted with devices to resemble the battle cruiser's superstructure. But the R.A.F. were not taken in by this decoy. Patrols systematically searched every yard of the Breton coast, contemptuously ignoring further attempts at deception in the shape of smoke screens, tracks of oil and the like. Almost simultaneously several aircraft signalled that they had discovered the Scharnhorst inside the pierhead of the outer jetty at La Pallice, and that day and night she was again attacked with heavy armour-piercing bombs. Later she was reported to be again at Brest.

KING GEORGE OF THE HELLENES (left) is here seen with Major-General FREYBERG, V.C., after inspection of and bestowal of decorations upon the N.Z. bodyguard which attended him in Crete and during the evacuation.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Britain's Guns Fire Across the Channel

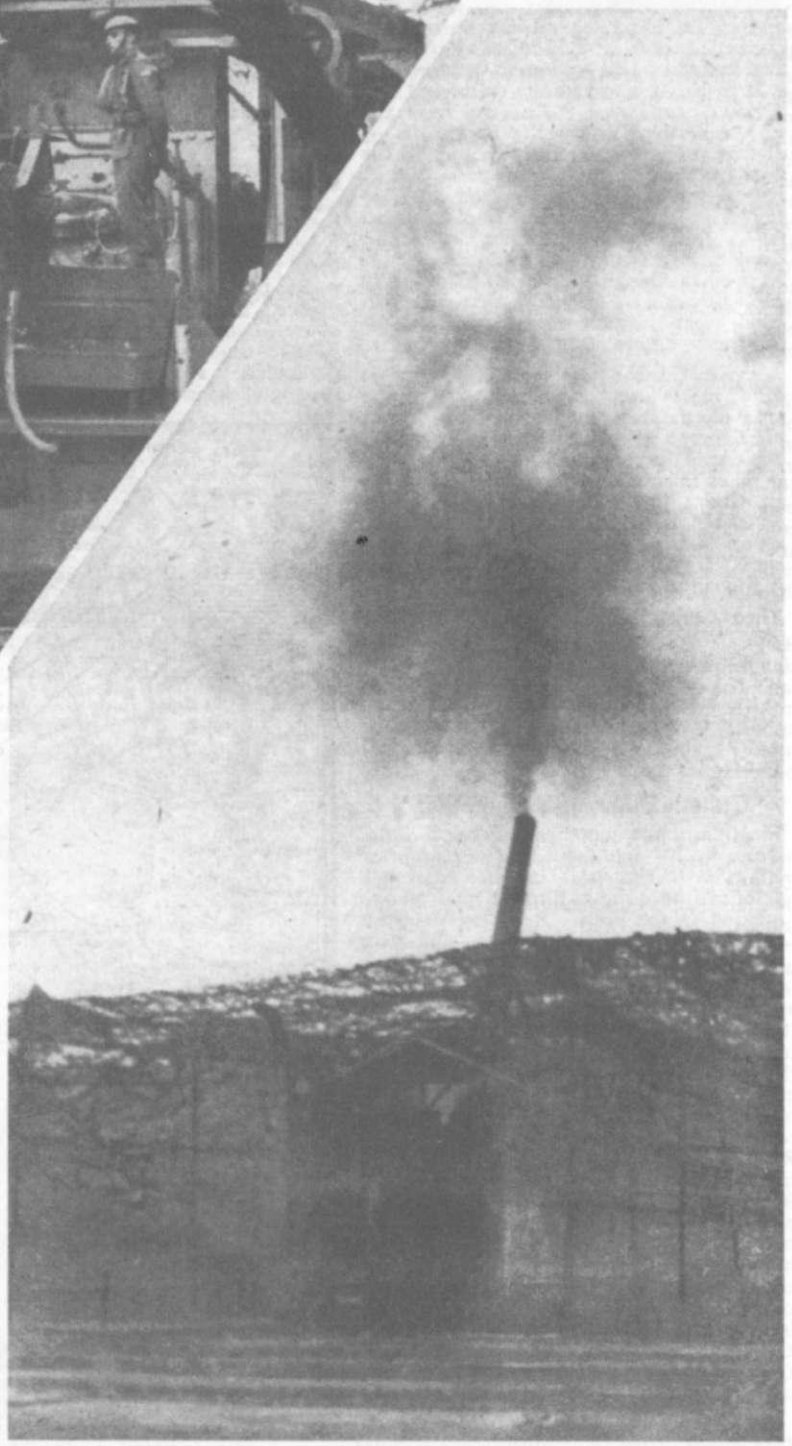


About to reply to the German guns on the other side of the Dover Straits, this British gun awaits a shell from the hoist. This gun (and there are others still larger) is manned by gunners of the Royal Marines. It has been named "Winnie," presumably as a compliment to the Prime Minister.

Some idea of the calibre of our cross-Channel guns may be gained from this photograph of a gunner walking along the top of the barrel, the rifling of which can be clearly seen.

THE SUPER-HOWITZER is seen below in action. It is skilfully concealed from enemy observation by camouflage netting, and the barrel is only visible at the moment of firing. The shells for this monster are kept in a well-protected and well-hidden ammunition store. The fire of these giant guns is directed from control posts situated in the rear. Recently Mr. Churchill, visiting the coastal batteries, fired a shell from one of these guns by pressing a button.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright



'The Worst War Germany Has Had to Fight'

After five weeks the second wave of the German offensive against Russia had spent itself, and a third, so it was reported, was about to be launched. But the Russian armies were still intact, and behind the German lines their guerilla detachments were very much in action. The stories of guerilla fighting given below are taken from the "Soviet War News"—that remarkable piece of wartime propaganda issued by the Soviet Embassy in London. It is said it has a staff of four—which compares not unfavourably with the 1,801 at our Ministry of Information.

"One huge horror." This expressive phrase occurs in a letter written by a German soldier, and quoted in a Swiss newspaper. It sums up his experiences of the Russian war in which he is playing the part of a humble pawn. "This is the worst war which Germany has had to fight," he says. "It is a war to win or perish against soldiers who fight with desperate obstinacy, even in hopeless situations."

Another German—Lieut. Soldan, war correspondent of the Berlin newspaper "Voelkischer Beobachter"—complains that the German blitzkrieg against Russia has degenerated into a "confused jumble of friend and foe," and goes on to describe how the huge battle is apparently dissolving into individual conflicts. "Nobody has any time; everything is rushing backwards or forwards. The front is everywhere. To the half-right, behind me, 100 miles away, infantry are fighting against the encircled enemy front. German detachments are also fighting farther forward. But there still remain enemy forces between them." He admits that German divisions continually thrust forward, "knowing that the gap behind them instantly closes, cutting them off from communications and supplies."

Another German war correspondent, this time of the "Stuttgarter Kurier," puts the blame on the bad roads for the slowness of the German advance. "One mile advance in the war in the east is comparable to roughly 100 miles in the Western war." The German troops, he says, are now forced to construct and repair roads day and night, and an enormous amount of time and material are needed to make it possible for them to advance in the muddy country.

Then General Liebmann, writing in the Berlin "Boersen Zeitung," makes the significant admission that the Russian resistance is such that "it is necessary to throw into the battle the entire German Army, the majority of which consists of unmotorized infantry and horse-drawn wagons and batteries."

'Quite a Different Kind of War'

Finally we may quote from a review of the first five weeks' fighting in the "Frankfurter Zeitung." "The war in the East has developed into quite a different kind of war from that in the West. It has become the most adventurous war in history. Our tank units are often separated from the infantry, fighting in the confidence that the Luftwaffe and motorized units will come in answer to their desperate need. Although our tank troops realize that, after breaking through the oncoming wave of enemy troops, it will ever and again close behind them, they do not retreat. Everything depends on whether reinforcements arrive in time. Lately the Russian troops have developed the same tactic of deeply penetrating our lines. Therefore it is difficult today to give our exact positions. Actually our front is split into many confused fighting centres." Whereas, he concludes, the French General Staff completely neglected every military idea of offensive warfare, so inducing a sense of moral inferiority among their troops, the Soviet General Staff is determined to oppose the German attack not merely with defensive measures but with its own offensive.

In the fifth week of the campaign in Russia one of the most outstanding features

MARSHAL TIMOSHENKO, commanding the Soviet troops in the central sector of the Russian front, is here seen in a trench with one of his men who is scanning the enemy position.

was the guerilla warfare proceeding along the whole front. Everywhere guerilla detachments were operating in the rear of the Nazis, in some places 100 or even 200 miles behind the "front." It is a mistake to think of these guerilla detachments as being undisciplined mobs of half-armed *franc tireurs*. True, many of them are composed of armed workers and peasants, who perform isolated deeds of heroic resistance and, in particular, "scorch the earth" against the coming of the invader. But more are regular

EASTERN FRONT, showing the main German thrusts and the Soviet counter-attacks at the end of July 1941, by which time the German blitz appeared to have been held.
Map by courtesy of "The Times"

units formed out of highly-trained and well-armed Soviet troops specially picked and detailed for this work. Some are "battalions of destruction" who, using flame throwers, dynamite and special equipment—such as the machine which rips up railway lines and sleepers and tears open the surface of the track—blow up bridges, destroy public buildings, block roads and railways, and set fire to the forests. Others are squads charged with particular small-scale tasks. Yet others are in fact small armies whose job it is to harass, to delay, and to destroy before being themselves destroyed.

Many are the stories which are told of the guerillas. One detachment, composed of a number of collective farmers, discovered 20 large German tanks halted in a hollow owing to a shortage of fuel. The guerillas felled trees across the road, and intercepted two German fuel tanks which ere long made their appearance. Both lorries were blown up, and next morning Soviet dive-bombers smashed the stranded tanks.

Near a small town a guerilla party attacked an enemy tank group, moving along a forest lane during the night. The leading tank fell into a well-camouflaged trap. The second crashed against the first. Those that followed turned off the road, but they too fell into deep traps. In this way, within a few minutes five tanks were captured by the guerillas. Then another five were attacked with hand grenades and destroyed.

Ambushes in the Forest

In a forest a guerilla detachment discovered the strongly-guarded headquarters of a German formation. Reinforced by a military unit, the irregulars attacked and destroyed the headquarters. Many soldiers and officers were killed, including a general. The headquarters documents and a group of officers were taken and delivered by the irregulars to the Soviet command.

Here is a report from Major Meltzer, commander of a German tank column, which was captured in a Nazi whippet tank heading for the headquarters of the German 18th Tank Division. "I have to inform you," Major Meltzer writes, "that many soldiers in private conversation express dissatisfaction at the shortage of food. It is impossible to carry out your instructions regarding the necessity of getting food on the spot. Counter to all our expectations, the Russian peasants have proved so fanatical that they leave together with the Red Army, and destroy their whole property.

"Within the last six days I have lost a number of picked men who were sent on trucks to surrounding villages to get food. Only three soldiers returned out of 23, and even they brought nothing. The rest were apparently killed or taken prisoner by guerillas, who harass us day and night. I insistently request the urgent dispatch of food. It is desirable that the transport be strongly escorted, otherwise it will inevitably fall into guerilla hands."

Such incidents as these could be multiplied indefinitely. Every day hundreds of new guerilla detachments are formed, and thousands of attacks are launched by the irregulars, on bridges, communications, transport and warehouses. Peasants who are not actually members of the guerilla detachments help in every possible way as scouts and guides to where the enemy is lying. The fear of the irregulars, it is reported, is making the soldiers nervous. The orderly movement of the columns is upset, and an attack causes panic amongst the Nazi soldiery.

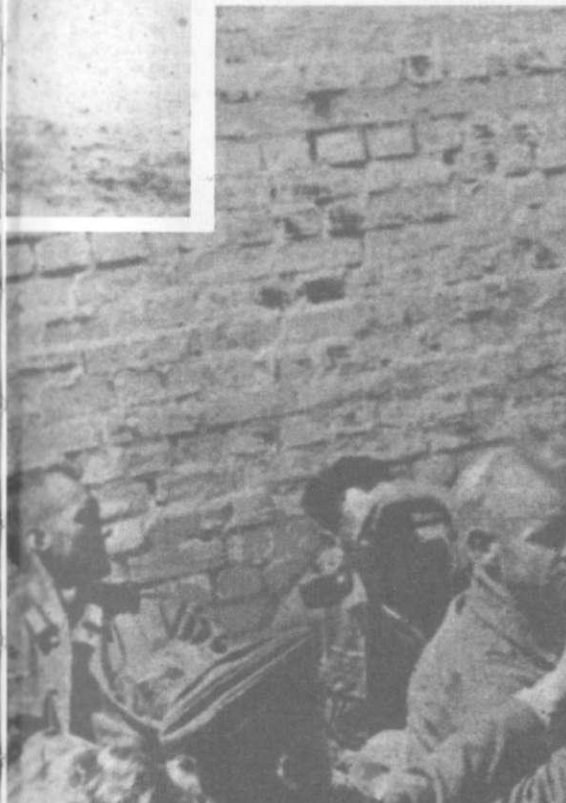
How the Nazis Hate and Fear the Red Guerillas!

RUSSIAN ARMED BANDS, some of whom are seen above after they had been rounded up, have caused great havoc behind the German lines. Wherever the Nazis broke through, the Russians before withdrawing their main bodies left strong guerilla bands to harass enemy communications, commit acts of sabotage, and carry out an offensive-defensive in depth.

Above, an instructor of the Red Army is giving instruction in the use of hand grenades to guerillas who will work behind the enemy lines. Right, mounted guerillas riding out of a wood in which they have been concealed to take part in the war of nerves which they are inflicting upon the hard-pressed Nazi divisions.

Photos, Associated Press

Where the War Is Carnage in Endless Space: Front-line Glimpses of t



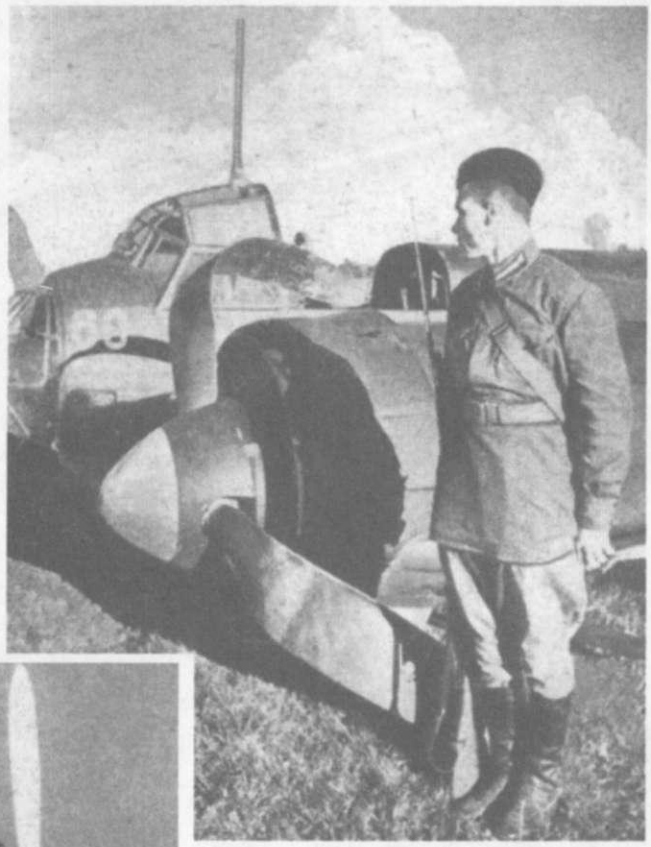
RED ARMY TANKS camouflaged with leaves moving along a forest road on the eastern front. In the circular photograph on the right, a Russian doctor is attending the leg wound of a Finnish prisoner of war. Beneath, a Nazi soldier stealthily advances in spite of the fact that the cornfield and farm buildings have been fired by the retreating Russians. Fanatical courage, tanks, planes and "scorched earth" in one great combination have made a myth of Nazi invincibility.

Russia's 'R.A.F.' Is Very Much Alive!

In the first exuberance of their offensive the Nazis claimed that the Russian R.A.F. had been destroyed in the first few days' fighting. Thousands of planes had been shot down, they said, and thousands more destroyed on the ground. But six weeks later the Red Air Force was giving the Luftwaffe as good as it got. Here we tell something of its composition and strength.

FOUR weeks after the Red Air Force had been wiped out (according to the Nazis) a German war reporter, one Joachim Richter, made this front-line record for broadcasting to the German people at home; it was tapped by the "Daily Express" radio. "We are attacked almost continuously by Russian Rata (fighter) planes. They sweep over us all of a sudden and don't give us a chance to get our A.A. guns into action. Here is one coming now," he yelled excitedly, "and she is machine-gunning us. She's over us! *Take cover!* Hell—we can't reply with our guns . . . These Russian planes attack us everywhere, coming out of the blue. Now here is another one! *Achtung!* Again she is over us, and off she goes after a burst from her guns."

Then Richter had a conversation with the commander of a German battery whose gun had just been put out of action. "These Russian planes simply won't be driven off," shouted the artillery officer. "Such ceaseless raids we've never experienced before. The devil knows where they all come from. They must have been transferred from other sectors of the front. I can't explain these masses of Soviet planes otherwise." Then he, too, began to yell. "Here is one of them over us again—and another one—and another . . ."



Up to quite recently the Red Air Force was as big a mystery as the Red Army. We know today that it is a match for the Luftwaffe and that it may be compared not unfavourably with our own R.A.F., but we are still in the dark as to its real strength, its full potentiality. As long ago as 1937 the German air expert, Colonel von Bülow, reckoned that it had between 8,000 and 10,000 first line planes. It may have had 15,000 when it took the air against the Luftwaffe a few weeks ago; it may have had 50,000 or even 60,000. All such figures are guesswork, but it is a fact that Russia has been building up for years an enormous aero industry.

THIS RED PILOT has shot down the Nazi bomber seen in the larger photograph: hence his victory smile. It is believed that the Germans have lost at least 3,000 aeroplanes on the east front. *Photo, British Official*

Between 1919 and 1933 there was considerable cooperation between Russia and Germany in aeroplane manufacture, and factories were built at Leningrad, Moscow, Kazan, and Saratoff, where German aeronautical experts built aeroplanes of German design; it has been alleged that the planes which Germany managed to secure during those years when she was supposed to be disarmed were built in Russian aeroplane factories. In 1936 it was stated that between 4,000 and 5,000 planes were produced in five Russian factories, and there has been an enormous increase in productive capacity since then. It is stated that there are now 350 aeroplane factories in Russia, most of them situated in the centre of the country, far away from the frontier, and that they employ nearly 250,000 workers. The principal plant is at Fili, near Moscow, where 40,000 workers are employed in eight-hour shifts throughout the 24 hours, and are said to be capable of producing over 300 twin-engined bombers per annum. At Gorki Plant No. 21 is said to be turning out five single-seater fighters a day. It is not unreasonable to suppose, then, that the Russian factories are capable of turning out 20,000 machines a year.

Of the types little is known, although quite a number have been mentioned. In the early days of the Five Year Plans American aero-engines and aircraft companies, e.g. Douglas, Glen Martin, Curtiss Wright and Consolidated, built aero-engines and aeroplanes under licence in Russian factories and also supplied a number of complete aircraft from their works in America. But of recent years attention has been concentrated on the production of Russian types. Of single-seater fighters we know of the Chato, the Rata, and the I 17, whose maximum speeds are respectively 236, 285 and 304 miles per hour. Then there are the J 15 and J 16 machines, whose speed is given as 260 m.p.h. Just before the war the ZKB 19 was produced, with a speed of about 300 m.p.h. During the last few weeks we have been told of the I 18, designed by Nikolai Polikarpov, which may be regarded as the Russian equivalent of our Spitfire and Hurricane. It is a single-seater all-metal monoplane, and an improvement on the I 17, which had a top speed of 310 m.p.h., an armament of one 20 mm. forward-firing cannon and four machine-guns in the wings, and a Hispano-Suiza engine.

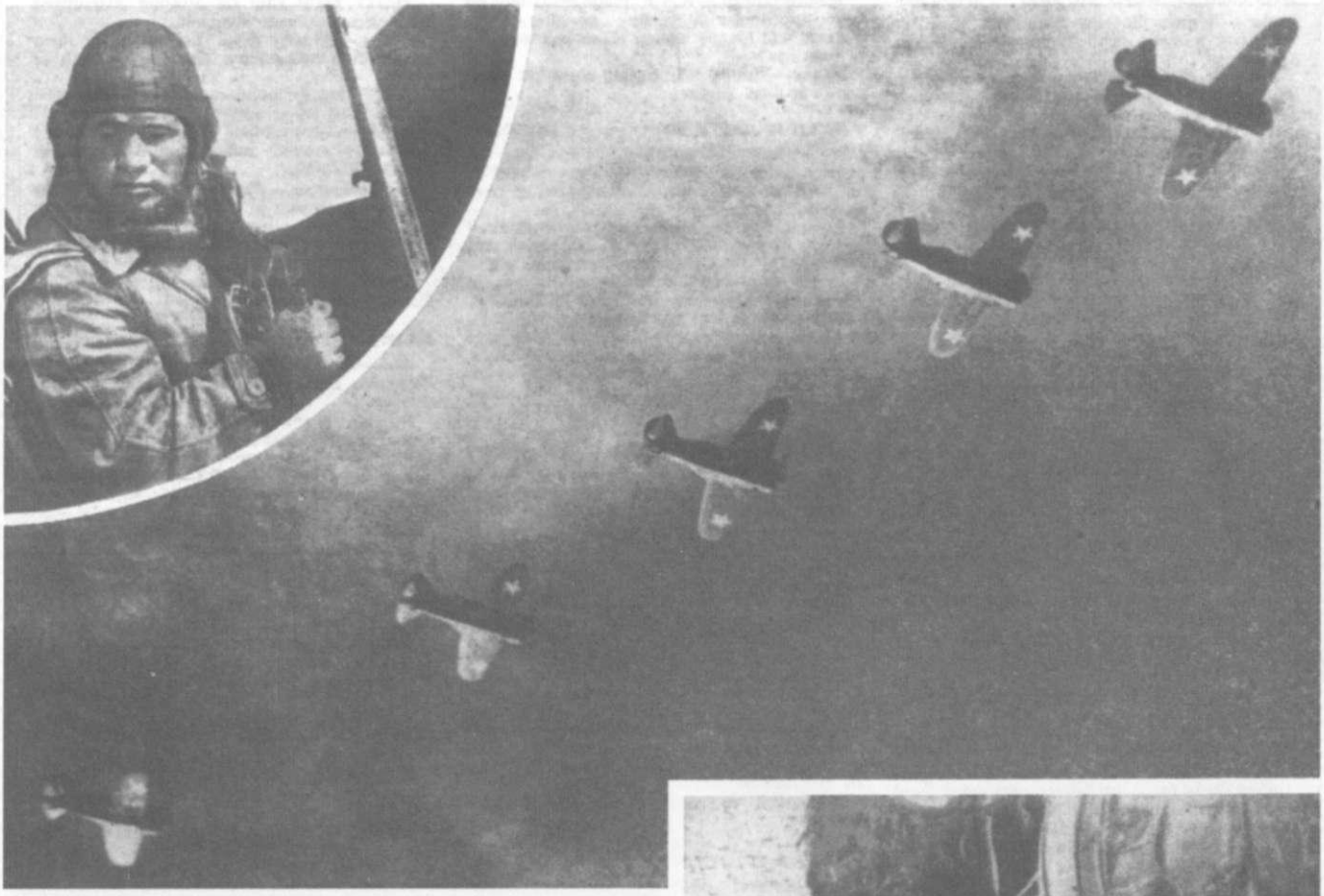
About half the Red Air Force strength consists of bombers. Some are medium, like the SB 2, with a top speed of 264 m.p.h. and a maximum bomb load of 1,760 lb. and range of 1,428 miles. Heavy bombers include the TB 3, whose bomb load is stated to be 4,400 lb. and its range 2,000 miles. The engines include Gnôme Rhône, Wright Cyclone, Hispano-Suiza, and the Soviet AM 34.

Pilots of the Red Air Force are hand-picked from the enormous supplies available of Russian youth. As in Britain, men called up for service may volunteer for the R.A.F. Physical standards are higher than for the Red Army, and the men sign on for three years instead of two. Quite a number of women are employed on the ground staff, and some also fly.

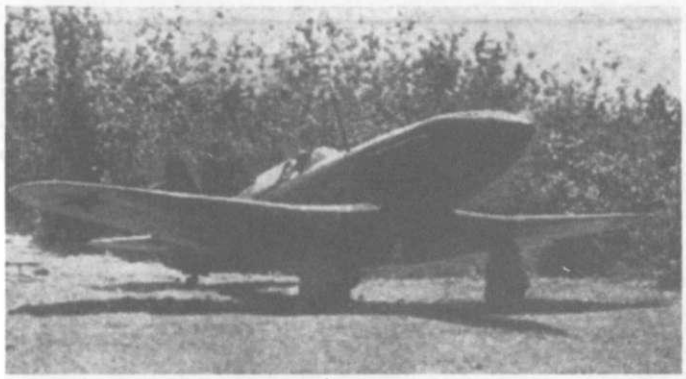
The Red Air Force, although separated from the Red Army, is trained to work in the closest cooperation with it. Stationed in each military district is an air force group, and there is also an independent bombing force which is entrusted with such strategical bombing as has of late weeks been visited upon Ploesti and Constanza.

According to a communiqué issued from Hitler's headquarters on July 5 Russia had increased since 1939 the number of her airfields along the German frontier from 90 to 814. But only a day or two before Goebbels had stated that "the reason why we were able to destroy more than 4,000 planes in the first week of war was that Russia has only a limited number of airfields along the border. As many as 250 planes were often ranged on one airfield. German dive-bombers, therefore, had an easy task in destroying masses of Soviet planes." But when Goebbels wrote that, he had not realized that the crafty enemy had constructed a very large number of faked aerodromes, complete with hundreds of dummy aeroplanes made of plywood and cardboard. That, we may presume, is one reason why the Red Air Force, though it has been destroyed time and again on paper, is still very much alive.

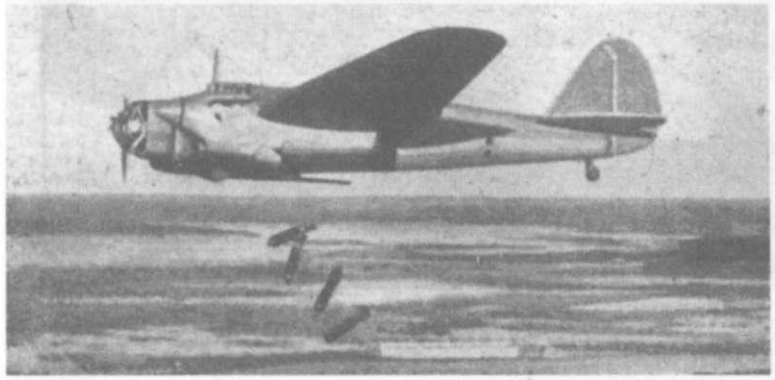
The Red Air Force Springs a Surprise



What Marshal Voroshilov termed, in 1939, a "good Soviet strait-jacket for aggressors," the Soviet Air Force has proved its mettle in combat with the Luftwaffe. Above, a flight of Russian planes in formation. Top left, Capt. A. Vyaznikov, one of the Soviet's ace pilots.



This new and secret Soviet fighter monoplane is possibly a new version of the ZKB 19, which was reputed to have a speed of over 300 m.p.h. It is comparable in several points with our own Spitfire and with the Curtiss Tomahawk and Vultee Vanguard. In 1937 the Soviet Government acquired constructional rights for several American aircraft designs, including Vultee.



Left, bombs dropping from a Soviet bomber during an attack on enemy mechanized units. Above, a photograph radioed from Russia via New York showing a Soviet bomber, concealed by camouflage netting, being loaded with bombs behind the line. *Photos, Wide World, British Paramount News, Planet News*

Our Diary of the War

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1941 *693rd day*

Air.—Flying Fortress bombed Emden. Offensive patrols carried out over French coast.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported fierce battles in areas of Porkhov, Nevel, Smolensk and Zhitomir, but no important change. It was claimed that 104 enemy planes were destroyed.

German communiqué reported vague advances.

Africa.—During night of 25-26 Indian patrol from Tobruk attacked four enemy strong points and bayoneted the garrisons. British and Australian patrols also operated deep into enemy positions. Enemy retaliatory raid on 26–27 driven off by rifle fire.

Night raid by heavy bombers on Benghazi.

Mediterranean.—Attack on Valletta harbour, Malta, by E-boats and torpedo-carrying craft successfully repelled by fixed defences and R.A.F. fighters. Reports indicated that none of assaulting forces survived.

SUNDAY, JULY 27 *694th day*

Air.—Night raids on Dunkirk docks and aerodromes in Northern France. Mines extensively laid in enemy waters.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported strenuous battles in progress near Smolensk and Zhitomir, and claimed that two German infantry divisions had been crushed.

Berlin announced fall of Leningrad, but there was no confirmation.

Africa.—Heavy night attack on Benghazi.

Home.—Night air activity over S.E. England. London had first raid for seven weeks, but not on heavy scale. Four enemy bombers destroyed.

MONDAY, JULY 28 *695th day*

Russian Front.—Moscow announced continued fighting near Nevel, Smolensk and Zhitomir. Soviet aircraft bombed oil depots at Constanza, Rumanian Black Sea port. Ten German machines shot down during attempted mass raid on Moscow during night.

Africa.—Strong fighting patrol from Tobruk routed large party of Italians occupying post two miles from our lines.

Benghazi again raided by heavy bombers on night of 28–29.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. made onslaught on four aerodromes in Sicily; 34 aircraft destroyed and many others damaged without British loss.

Home.—Bombs fell during night at three points in East Anglia.

TUESDAY, JULY 29 *696th day*

Sea.—Berlin claimed that 19 ships, totalling 116,500 tons, were sunk by U-boats in attacks on British convoy in Atlantic lasting over some days.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported continued fighting in direction of Nevel, Smolensk and Zhitomir. U-boat sunk by Soviet bomber.

Berlin claimed that Rumanian troops in Bessarabia had reached mouth of R. Dniester, and that Akkerman had been occupied.

Africa.—Four enemy bombers and two fighters, attacking British shipping off Libya, shot down by R.A.F.

Home.—Bombs fell at a few points near East Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30 *697th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed enemy convoy in Heligoland Bight; four ships hit, two sunk.

Naval aircraft attacked German shipping in harbour of Kirkenes and Petsamo, N. Finland. Warship Bremse twice hit; at least four supply ships damaged.

Night attacks on Aachen and Cologne.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting continued in Nevel, Smolensk and Zhitomir sectors. Germans claimed to have repulsed powerful Russian counter-attacks near Smolensk.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacked aerodrome and seaplane base at Elmas, Sardinia, causing great destruction to aircraft.

General.—Russian-Polish Agreement signed in London by which Soviet-German Treaty of 1939 is declared no longer valid. Both sides agreed to combine against Hitlerite Germany.

THURSDAY, JULY 31 *698th day*

Air.—Several offensive operations over Channel and French coast.

Russian Front.—No change in area of fighting. Russians claimed to have driven enemy back at Smolensk.

Heavy night raid on Moscow attempted, but few bombs were dropped.

Africa.—Patrols from Tobruk made deep penetration into enemy lines during night of 30–31.

R.A.F. heavy bombers attacked Benghazi on nights of 30–31 and 31–1 August. Gazala and Bardia also raided. In Tripolitania, one aircraft destroyed and others damaged on airfield at Zuara.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm made night attack on convoy in Central Mediterranean. Hit obtained on one vessel.

Shipping in Messina Harbour bombed by R.A.F. during day.

General.—President Roosevelt set up U.S. Economic Defence Board.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1 *699th day*

Air.—Convoy attacked off Belgian coast by Blenheim bombers; one 2,000-ton ship left sinking.

Russian Front.—German advance slowed down at all points. Fierce but undecisive fighting continuing around Smolensk.

Moscow stated that Russian aircraft had sunk enemy destroyer in Baltic and severely damaged two others.

Berlin claimed that Russian counter-attacks in Smolensk area were broken, with heavy loss to attackers.

Africa.—R.A.F. heavy bombers attacked motor transport concentrations near Sidi Omar.

Mediterranean.—Day attack on shipping at Lampedusa Island, two ships being wrecked. Aerodrome at Borizzo, Sicily, was also bombed.

R.A.F. made heavy night raid on enemy aerodromes in Crete, including Candia and Maleme.

Home.—Few night raiders dropped bombs at points in S.W. England and in Scotland, but there were no casualties or damage.

General.—Officially announced that diplomatic relations with Britain and Finland had been severed.

State of emergency declared throughout Norway.

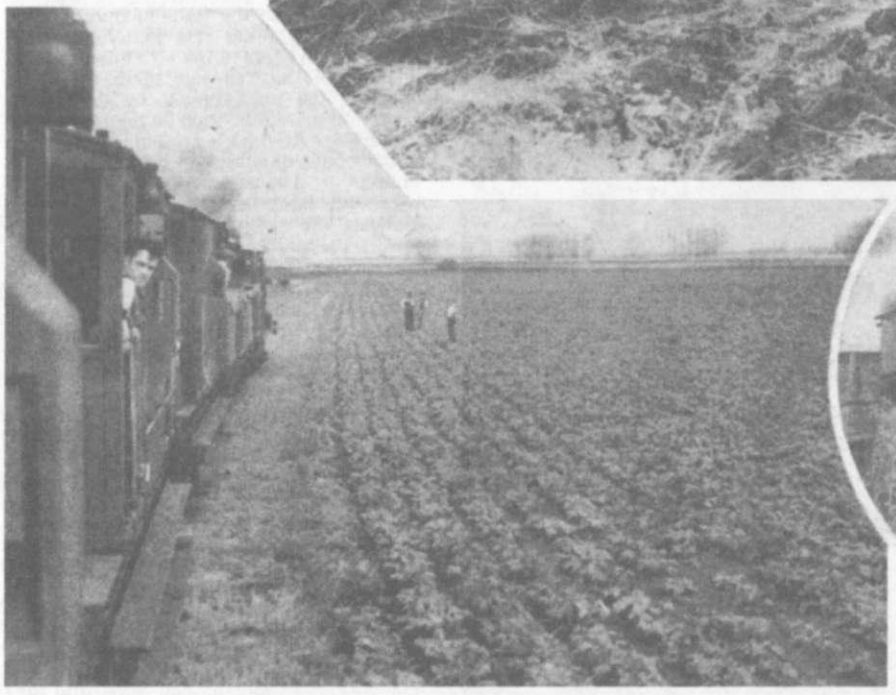
Announced that Third Canadian Division, a fully trained force, had arrived safely in Britain.

Gen. Sir H. MAITLAND WILSON signing the Convention which brought hostilities in Syria to a close on July 14, after thirty-five days of fighting. General Catroux, who led the Free French delegates, is seen second from the left. The ceremony took place in the military schoolroom of the Sidney Smith Barracks, Acre, in Palestine, and the terms of the Convention placed Syria under Allied protection for the duration of the war. The end of the Nazi-Vichy conspiracy in Syria consolidated the British position in the Eastern Mediterranean and restored our prestige among the peoples of that area. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Preparing for the Century's Greatest Harvest

FELTWELL FEN, right, a 6,000 acre tract that was recently nothing but peat and bog, is being made fit for cultivation under a Ministry of Agriculture scheme. A tractor is at work clearing the land of weeds and bushes. Below, a part of the fen already reclaimed and producing beet. On the left of this photograph and also in the circle is the "Bread and Butter Express," which runs over a 20-mile stretch of railway specially laid down to serve the needs of the farmers. In the circle Mr. R. S. Hudson is seen driving the "express" at the inaugural ceremony.

Photos, Fox and "News Chronicle"



Below, a field of oats being cut on a farm in Herts—opening yield of 1941's bumper harvest. "It's a grand crop," was the farmer's comment.

"ASSUMING reasonable weather between now and the middle of September," said Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, speaking in the House of Commons on July 24, "I think we can rely on the farmers producing a greater weight and output of food than in any previous year this century."

Then he gave an estimate of the amount of food he considered would be available in the third year of the war, despite an inevitable reduction owing to shipping losses in the quantity to be imported. His words agreeably surprised his auditors, for he said:

"Despite that reduction—and it is a very substantial reduction—it should be possible, owing largely to the increased produce grown at home, to assure the people of this country that in the third year of war the quantity of food, in terms of food values, will be not only greater than it was in the second year of the war, but at least as great as it was in peacetime; and quite possibly it may be greater."

Indo-China Is Now 'Protected' by Japan

Not content with the occupation of Manchukuo and the "Chinese Incident," Japan took another step along the aggressor's path when she demanded—and received—from Vichy France the right to establish bases in the great French colony of Indo-China. The move and its immediate repercussions in Japan and the democratic camp are outlined below.

"JAPAN," said an official spokesman in Vichy on July 23, "has demanded bases in French Indo-China as a temporary military measure to defend Indo-China against the de Gaullists, Chinese, and British. There are," he went on, "Chinese troop concentrations in Yunnan, and British troops and aircraft in Burma and Malaya, leading Japan and France to fear an Anglo-Chinese attempt to occupy Indo-China. France cannot defend Indo-China alone. We had proof of that in Syria. Japan's intervention comes within the 1940 agreement (the Tripartite Pact) which recognized Japan's predominant position in the Far East and her responsibility in maintaining peace in Asia."

JAPANESE TROOPS are here seen on the march during the campaign in China. Service in the Japanese army (or navy) is compulsory. All persons physically capable of bearing arms are divided into two classes, the "fit" and the "very fit," the latter category forming the first line army.
Photo, Natori, Tokyo

In conclusion, the Vichy spokesman insisted that the Japanese occupation would not be permanent; and he denied, too, the allegation that pressure had been brought to bear on France by Germany to satisfy Japan's demands. Negotiations had been conducted at Hanoi between Vice-Admiral Jean Decoux, Governor-General of Indo-China, and Major-General Sumita, head of the Japanese Military Mission, and had been brought to conclusion at 8 o'clock that evening.

The suggestion that Britain had had any designs on the integrity of Indo-China was indignantly scouted by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons on July 23. In a written reply to a question he declared that the Government were aware of persistent reports that the Japanese Government intended to take action to obtain naval and air bases in southern Indo-China. The reports were the more significant since they coincided with a Japanese press campaign of innuendo against Great Britain in respect of both Indo-China and Thailand. "I welcome this opportunity, therefore, to state that the alleged designs of Great Britain in both these countries are entirely non-existent."

If any aggression were contemplated it was on Japan's part. As the "Daily Telegraph" pointed out, by the occupation of Camranh, Indo-China's magnificent harbour, the Japanese naval and air forces would establish themselves less than 800 miles from the United States naval base in the Philippines. At Saigon, farther south, their forces would be within 600 miles of Singapore, and about the same from the Dutch East Indies. The possession of airfields in Indo-China would enable Japan to deliver heavier attacks on the Burma Road, by which American and British trade with China is maintained. If Japan's drive to the south were continued, then it might disturb the security of Australia and India, besides interrupting the essential supplies of tin and rubber which America draws from Malaya, of the tungsten she imports from China, and of the mica which she receives from India.

Japanese troops to the number of 40,000 began disembarking in Camranh Bay on July 28, and in anticipation of their arrival French and Japanese planes roared over Saigon, Indo-China's capital. It was announced that the invaders were about to occupy eight airfields, viz: Saigon; Nahtrang, 40 miles to the north; Siemreap, on the border of Thailand; Tourane, in the middle of the Annam coastline, north of Camranh; Bienhoa, near Saigon; Soctrang, at the mouth of the Mekong River; Kompongitom, near the great lake of Cambodia; and Pnompenh, the capital of Cambodia.

Reactions to Japan's new move were swift in their coming. In Washington Mr. Sumner Welles, Under-Secretary of State, issued a formal denunciation of Japan's attitude. The course taken by the Japanese Government was "a clear indication that it is determined to pursue an objective of expansion by force or the threat of force." There was not the slightest ground, he went on, for the belief that the Governments of the United States, Britain or the Netherlands had any territorial ambitions in Indo-China, or had been planning any moves which could have been regarded as threats to Japan. The American Government could, therefore, only conclude that Japan's action had been undertaken because of the estimated value of her bases in Indo-China, primarily for purposes of further and more obvious movements of conquest in the adjacent areas. Japan had never been denied the right to purchase tin, rubber, oil, or other raw materials in the Pacific area on equal terms with other nations, but the step she had just taken tended to jeopardize the procurement by the U.S.A. of essential materials, such as tin and rubber, necessary for America's normal economy and for the consummation of her defence programme. "The step which the Japanese Government has taken," he concluded, "also endangers the safety of other areas in the Pacific, including the Philippines. The Government and people of this country fully realize that such developments bear directly upon the vital problem of our national security."

From July 26 Great Britain and the Dominions imposed a ban on dealings in Japanese balances, gold and securities, thus "freezing" the bulk of Japan's cash resources throughout the Empire. Sir Robert Craigie, the British Ambassador in Tokyo, informed Admiral Toyoda, who on July 18 succeeded Mr. Matsuoka as Japanese Foreign Minister, that the Empire's commercial treaties with Japan had been denounced.

America took similar action. President Roosevelt announced that all Japanese assets in the United States were to be "frozen" as from the opening of business on July 26. Although China is regarded as a friend of the United States, Chinese assets were included in the order "at the specific request of the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-Shek, and for the purpose of helping the Chinese Government," since otherwise the Japanese might be able to evade the order by operating their commerce with America through the ports they have occupied in China. Then President Roosevelt also ordered the incorporation of the Philippine Army of some 150,000 men, and appointed Lt.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur to the command of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East. Then at the same time the Netherlands East Indies extended the licensing system to all exports from the Dutch colonies in Asia to Japan.

To these moves—which might well spell disaster, since Japan relies for 90 per cent of her war needs on overseas sources—Japan retaliated with orders "freezing" American and British assets in Japan.

So Japan struck another blow at the balance of power in the Pacific. That she contemplated other blows none could doubt. Would the next fall in the south or in the north against Russia's maritime provinces and Vladivostok? Such a move would, no doubt, please Hitler, and perhaps he had asked for it; but as yet (it seemed) Japan felt it advisable to make the easy conquests, and to wait to see how the battle of the Stalin Line was going before she "took on" Soviet Russia.

War Clouds Blow Up On the Eastern Horizon

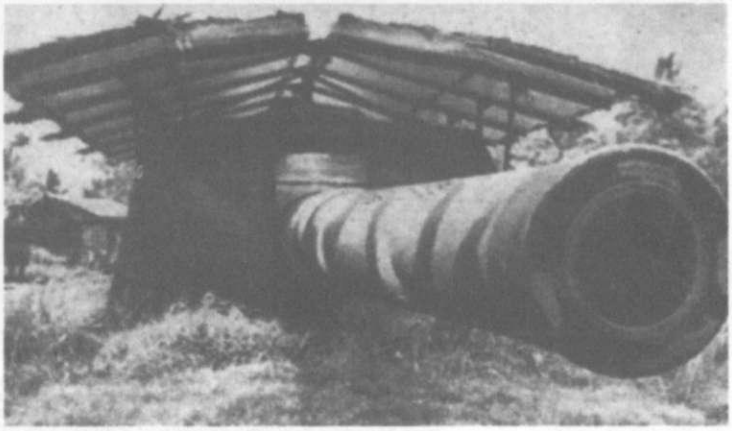
JAPANESE WARSHIPS, steaming in line ahead, seen from the battleship Nagato, a ship of 32,720 tons armed with eight 16-in. guns. Japan has a large fleet, so far untried in action.

FRENCH INDO-CHINA, where the Vichy Government has surrendered strategic bases to Japan following an ultimatum, is seen on this map in relation to the Dutch East Indies, long coveted by the Japanese, the British strategic base of Singapore, and the U.S. outpost in the Philippine Islands.

Photos, Wide World, Associated Press, Topical, Dorien Leigh; Map, "News Chronicle"

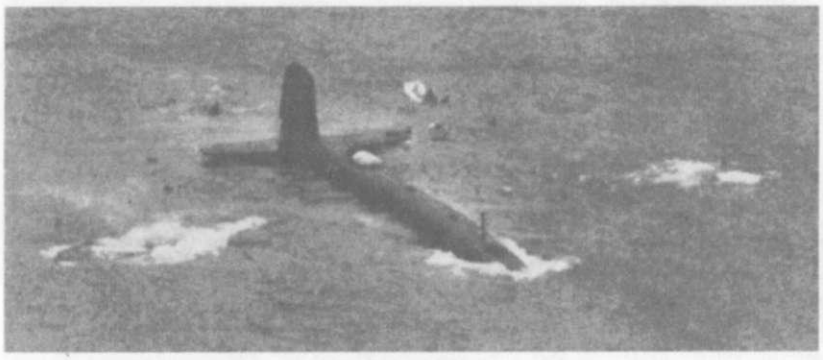
Air Chief Marshal Sir H. R. M. BROOKE-POPHAM (left), Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in the Far East. Right, Admiral JEAN DECOUX, who succeeded Gen. Catroux, when the latter joined General De Gaulle, as Governor-General of French Inde-China.

SAIGON, the harbour of which is seen above, is the capital of Cochin-China and the main French military and naval base in the Far East. It has a population of over 110,000, of whom about 10,000 are Europeans.

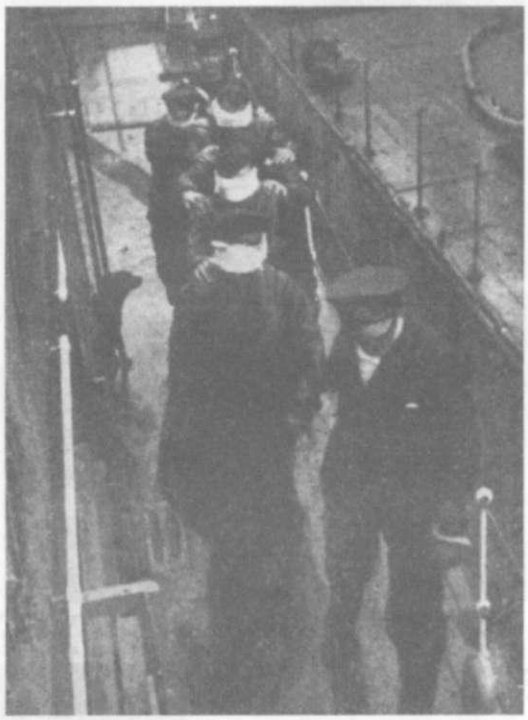


Below, one of the great guns which defend the approaches to Singapore; above, it is seen while a gun crew are pulling a swab through the barrel after firing. The gun is well camouflaged against its tropical surroundings.

Sweeping the Swastika from the Atlantic



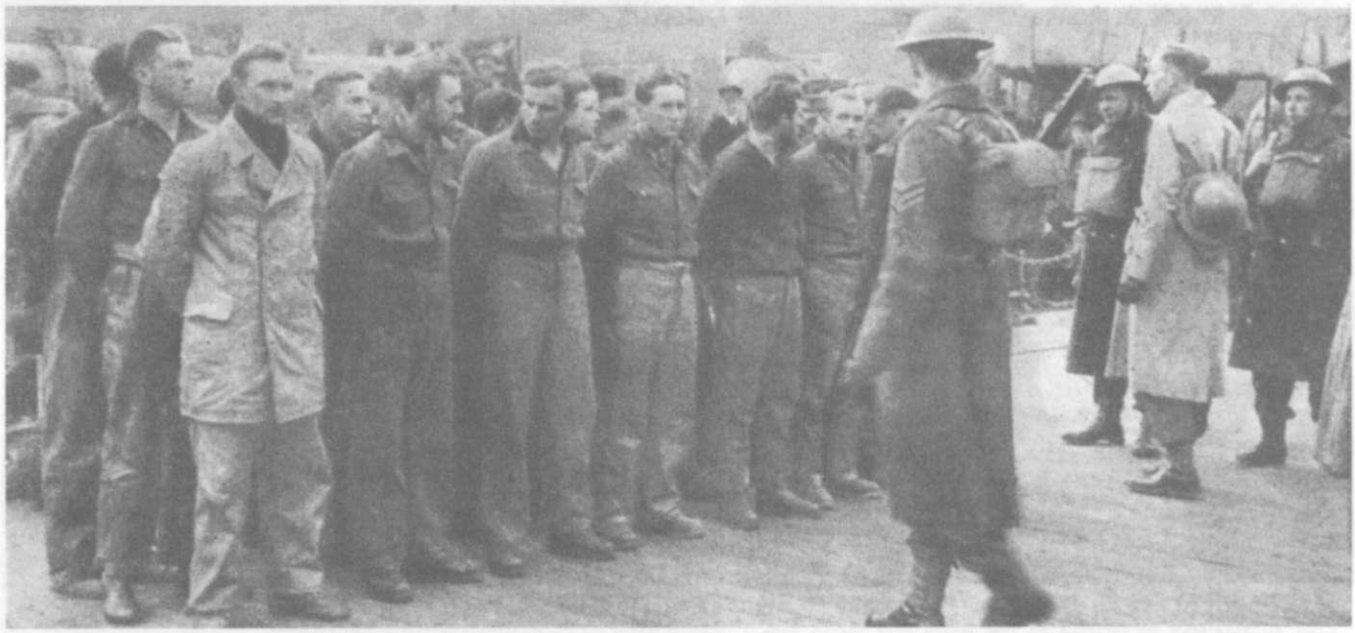
A BRITISH CORVETTE destroys a German submarine, which is seen sinking on the left. Having come up for the last time as a result of depth charges, the U-boat was attacked by gunfire and is now taking the final plunge. Small boats stand-to to pick up survivors. Beneath, a Focke-Wolf Kurier shot down by a Lockheed-Hudson.



A FEW weeks ago the Battle of the Atlantic had reached a critical stage. There was no question of Hitler's finally winning this far-flung conflict, but the position was a matter of grave concern.

Since then the situation has improved somewhat. Quoting from Mr. Churchill's speech of July 29, " the Battle of the Atlantic, although far from being won, has, partly through American intervention, moved impressively in our favour."

When Hitler announced that he intended to wipe us off the sea in this area of the war, and ordered swarms of U-boats and flocks of planes to do his bidding, Britain had some cause for anxiety though none for fear. Let us be thankful for American aid. It is vital to us and to our friends across the Atlantic, but let us never forget the indomitable host of British seamen of all kinds and classes who are bearing and have borne the brunt of this grim strife.



GERMAN U-BOAT MEN lined up at a quayside after being landed at a British port as prisoners. Above, on the right, more German sailors, taken prisoner when their ship was sunk, being led ashore blindfolded lest they should notice features of the naval base through which they are going en route for the internment camp, and in the event of subsequent escape pass the information on to the enemy.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press and Central News

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw Beirut's Welcome to Our Victorious Troops

The welcome which the Imperial troops entering Beirut received from the inhabitants—French as well as Arab—in their relief at the ending of hostilities is described in this dispatch from Reuter's special correspondent at the front in Syria.

THE streets of Beirut were thronged with people cheering and clapping as a long convoy of advance Imperial troops entered the suburbs of the city before the formal entry on July 16.

From a point just past the radio station some eight miles outside the capital, which shows the grim marks of British artillery fire, Arabs and Syrians were gathered in little knots on the roadside and on the tops of houses, waving and calling out greetings in English. Girls on bicycles hung on to the backs of lorries, talking to the Australians and giving them sweets. The rooftops and balconies of the Arab houses were crammed to breaking point.

There was evidence, however, that the Vichy forces had been determined to defend the Lebanese capital to the last possible moment. I saw sand dunes south of the city laced with barbed wire. Ammunition dumps were spread out among the trees on the roadside. Expressions of relief were seen on the faces of the civilian population, but some of the Vichy soldiers looked dejected and depressed. I called at the barracks in the centre of the town and found some black Spahi soldiers rolling up the French tricolour and preparing to evacuate. They sprang smartly to attention upon our arrival and were very friendly.

At the chief military hospital I found about forty British wounded prisoners of war. They told us that the French had treated them magnificently and could not have been kinder. "The French nurses have been kindness itself," said a wounded Australian. "They give us anything we want, but we are longing for a cup of tea. We can't get one here." His face lit up when I told him that the Australians were already in the town, and that soon he would get as much tea as he wanted.

The town itself was pleasantly peaceful. Many Free French flags fluttered from the rooftops. I learned that only a few of the inhabitants had been evacuated. All were sure that the British would not attack the capital itself. Many houses were flying the Union Jack, and opposite the hotel there is a bar named "The Australian Bar," whose name remained unaltered even during the hostilities.

Despite the stream of Imperial forces, tanks, armoured vehicles, and lorries arriving from every direction, there was an air of gaiety about the capital which seemed to show the relief felt by Syrians and French alike at the final ending of Nazi intrigue and influence in the country.

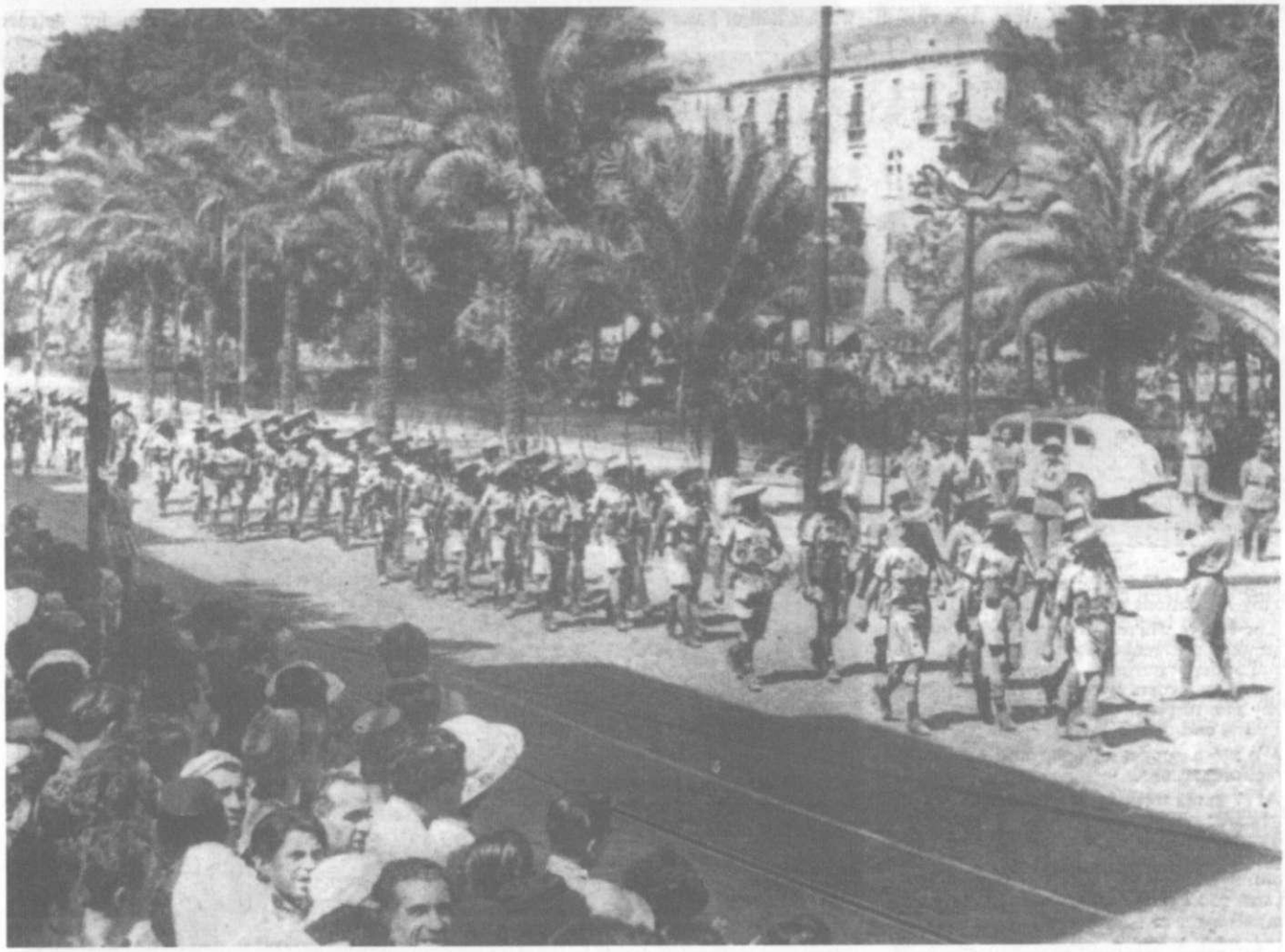
The Navy's 'Most Brilliant Convoy Action'

This eye-witness account of "the most brilliant convoy action of the war" (see also page 31) was written by Norman Smart of the "Daily Express," who witnessed the assaults of bombers and E-boats from the bridge of one of our cruisers.

MY ears still ring with the noise of the most brilliant convoy action fought by the Navy in this war.

For 27 hours on end we were subjected to continuous attacks from bombers—high-level, dive, and torpedo—and E-boats as we, with another cruiser and destroyers, convoyed merchantmen through the Mediterranean. All the merchantmen got through, obeying Admiral Somerville's signal: "Convoy must go through." Ark Royal fighters who were with us from the first day, on July 23, with the Renown, took off to engage Italian aircraft soon after breakfast.

"Tally-ho!" We hear their battle-cry over the radio as they engage the enemy



ENTERING BEIRUT, Australian troops were welcomed, as Reuter's Correspondent tells above, by acclamations from the crowds who thronged the streets. Another correspondent, with the A.I.F. relates how the Australians marched into the town behind an Australian band playing the "Anzac March." The crowd, made up of French, Syrian, and Lebanese onlookers, numbered well over 20,000 The band then stood in front of the Cenotaph playing many rousing airs, including, of course, "Waltzing Matilda," while the infantry marched past. *Photo, British Official*

I WAS THERE!

on the skyline. Terrific battles are being fought over there as the machines swoop and soar with the rattle of machine-guns. Twenty minutes later we hear the boom of destroyers' guns as they open fire against the enemy formations ahead.

Here they come. I can see them clearly with the naked eye coming slap down the middle of the convoy. The sky is filled with the puffs of bursting shells as the first bombs plop into the sea 100 yards starboard, spouting water 50 feet high. Some open fire with deafening cracks of main armaments, mingling with the staccato thunder of pom-poms, sounding like a man beating a big kettle-drum. A column of black smoke from the Fearless as she is hit, and at the same moment the look-out shouts: "Italian plane hit."

see the plane swoop down to the water, and two Italians clamber into a rubber boat. Another has its wings plucked off like a butterfly, and falls like a stone into the sea.

There is a brief pause in this fantastic din. The commander at the microphone coolly announces: "Two planes shot down, and one destroyer hit," so that the crew below decks may know what is going on.

The second wave of Italians cannot face the terrific barrage and drop a hail of bombs harmlessly into the water a few miles away and flee, pursued by the Ark Royal's fighters.

Far astern the Fearless, now almost enveloped in smoke, blows up as she is torpedoed by another destroyer, after the survivors have been rescued. We cannot stop to assist her because "the convoy must go through." More of the Ark Royal fighters take off in the smoke of battle as enemy formations are reported.

The bridge where I am is a kind of orderly madhouse of signals, shouts and orders. The commander, pausing a moment between 10 other jobs, orders water for the men in the stuffy gun turrets. Says he: "They'll need it by the end of the day."

We ate a supper of soup and sandwiches at action stations.

At 7 p.m. torpedo bombers attack from starboard. Through glasses I see them skimming the water towards us like birds, shells bursting around them, and pompoms shooting a hail of fire into their snouts. I see the torpedoes plop on the water, as they swing away after the attack, one appearing to be hit.

"I wish I had a death ray," grins the gunnery officer, sweating in the burning sun.

From the bridge I can see one torpedo coming straight for us, leaving a pretty pale green train in the blue water. The look-outs shout in chorus, and the captain skilfully swings the ship. The torpedo slides past 15 yards to the starboard.

At 7.45 p.m. another big formation attack, and more bombs fall, erecting soundless columns of spray around us. The Italians flee before the withering barrage which shatters the tea cups on the bridge, and spills the tea on the navigating officer's chart. Two Italians are shot down. Empty shell cases fill the washhouses and overflow into the crew's recreation space.

There is a lull until 3 a.m. next day, when Italian E-boats attack. In the inky blackness the cruisers open fire at dim targets, pom-poms spouting across the sea like fireworks. There is terrific excitement now as the look-outs, with eyes glued to glasses, scan the sea.

Suddenly there is a flood of light ahead as a cruiser boldly switches her searchlight on for half a minute, and I see an E-boat, like a black beetle, scudding through the water to escape the shells. The E-boat twists and turns to escape the showers of metal hurled from the guns, but the flying woodwork seen by the look-out means a direct hit.

Ten minutes, and there is a big explosion astern as a merchantman is torpedoed, but she carries on and we and a destroyer are detached to assist her.

Seven-twenty a.m. and eight Junkers 87 dive-bombers come screaming to the attack. We watch them fascinated. They deliver two attacks, and wheel into position in the sky, slowly, oh so slowly.

Look out, here come the bombs; one hitting the sea 40 yards from us, and raising a waterspout 60 feet high. The merchantman is gallantly plodding along near us, with a heavy list, and swings away just in time as a bomb drops almost beside her.

Our guns are still firing, and the air is filled with the stench of cordite, as black puffs skyward like baby clouds, near the Germans, show our gunners are well on the target. One is down. And, yes, there's a second hitting the sea now.

Altogether we were at action stations 60 hours, sleepless, red-eyed and unshaven.

The Russians Shot All Our Tanks to Pieces

The narrow escape of the German General Rudolf Schmidt from a Russian tank-trap was described in a broadcast interview between a Nazi war correspondent and men of the general's unit.

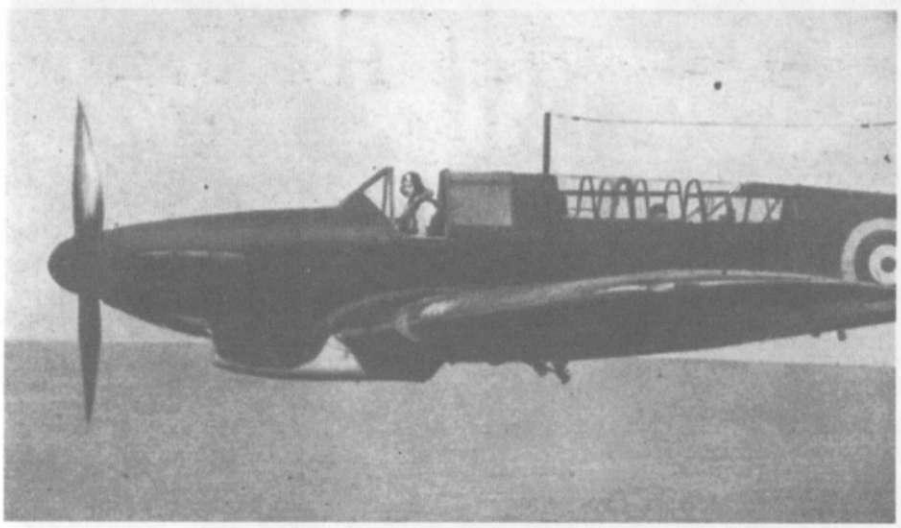
GENERAL SCHMIDT was leading a tank detachment which was to clear an important road and protect an infantry division moving a short distance behind. One of the tank crew survivors said:

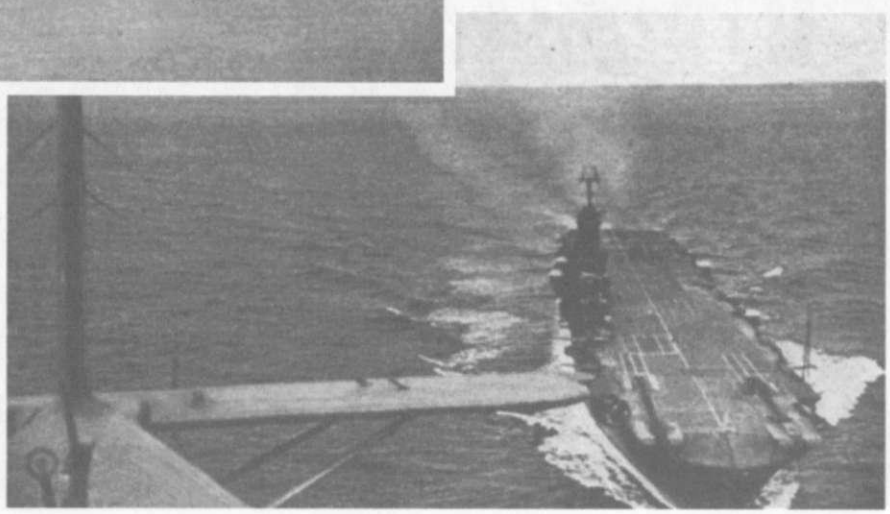
We had just turned a bend in the road when a hail of hand grenades and continuous bursts from machine-guns greeted us. At first the fire came only from the left of the road, but we had hardly realized what was happening when hell broke loose from the right as well, and finally from our rear.

Our general had to halt the tanks, but before he could deploy them for defence against the "invisible enemy" the Russians' fire became so intense that we had to run for our lives. We jumped out of our tanks and threw ourselves flat into a ditch. We could see we had run into a tight pincer. Before we had regained our breath every one of our tanks had been shot to pieces.

Then the Russians fired into the ditch where we were lying, causing a good few more casualties. It was impossible for us to stay. We had to crawl away on our stomachs, and our general wriggled back just as we did. He threw away his mackintosh so as to be able to wriggle more quickly.

After a few hundred yards of this we got up just in time to see the Russians leaving their hiding-place and charging towards us. Fortunately we had a good start, and, running as fast as we could, we and the general just managed to jump into a lorry which took us back to our base.—*Daily Express.*





FLEET AIR ARM planes, operating from the famous aircraft-carrier Ark Royal (seen above, viewed from a patrolling Swordfish), did magnificent work during the enemy attack on an important convoy in the Mediterranean described above and in page 31. Top, one of the Fairey Fulmars, two-seat Fleet Fighter monoplanes, from H.M.S. Ark Royal in flight. *Photos, British Official*

I WAS THERE!

How We of the Red Army Smashed the Nazi Tanks

This dramatic story telling how a Soviet unit destroyed 39 out of 70 German tanks in a fourteen-hour battle was sent direct from the front by M. Simonov, military correspondent of "Izvestia."

DURING the night scouts reported to our H.Q. that German tanks were concentrated in a forest at two points previously under Soviet fire, ready to attack. At 3.30 seventy German tanks were seen emerging from the forest; they opened a hurricane of fire with artillery and machine-guns.

Soviet anti-tank guns held their fire without disclosing their position. Supporting artillery, however, immediately opened up. After losing several tanks the Germans were compelled to launch the attack before they had adequately prepared it with artillery. They deployed and began firing indiscriminately as they advanced. In their path was an anti-tank ditch. A group of tanks skirted this, but in doing so came on a minefield. Seven tanks were blown up stationed near the highway then opened up with head-on fire. Three tanks were destroyed and the caterpillar wheels of a heavy tank were damaged. This tank halted, but continued firing. Sergeant Tarasevich crept up to it and hurled a bottle of benzine at the red-hot exhaust pipe. The tank burst into flames and the crew jumped out. Tarasevich shot one with his revolver and destroyed the rest with a hand grenade. Seeing the blazing tanks, the German infantry who were preparing to move into action from the forest, flung themselves down.

During this time the Nazi tanks in the centre had rounded the anti-tank ditches and the minefield and had arrived within about four hundred yards of our infantry. The tanks were followed by trailers in the form of armoured platforms bearing infantry.

A tank commander of the Red Army, one of the men who are doing so much to stem and hamper the German advance in Russia. *Photo, Planet News*

GERMAN TROOPS IN RUSSIA are everywhere encountering strong resistance, as the military correspondent of "Izvestia" points out in this page. These Nazis are entering a Russian village which, in accordance with Stalin's policy, has been set alight. Profiting by past experience at the hands of snipers, they hold hand grenades "at the ready." *Photo, Associated Press*

in a few seconds. From our trenches the Nazi tank men could be seen jumping out through the hatches and being mown down by machine-gun fire. The remaining tanks skirted the ditch on two sides and appeared before the beginning of the defence zone.

At this point a German staff car and several lorries laden with soldiers emerged from the forest on to the road—apparently imagining that victory was already assured. A minute and a half later the entire area surrounding the forest was covered with dead German soldiers. The occupants of the staff car were killed on the spot. A similar fate was met by two companies of German infantry which emerged from the forest in close order. Their intention was apparently to launch a "psychological" attack.

Meanwhile the tanks continued to advance, several of them coming on to the main road. Lieutenant Khoroshev gave sappers the order to explode a mined bridge on the road. After allowing the first tank to pass, the sappers blew up the bridge under the noses of the remaining tanks. Soviet batteries

Some of the infantry crouched on the rear of the tanks themselves under cover of their armour. Our anti-tank guns then opened fire, putting ten tanks out of action, but being themselves partly put out of action. The German infantry now leapt from the armoured platforms and tanks, hurling hand grenades into the Soviet trenches. Captain Gavrushin opened fire with anti-tank guns and machine-guns from the depth of the defence zone. Then the German infantry fled through a field of tall rye, throwing away their arms and tearing off rank marks from their uniform. At the outskirts of the forest they were met by the fire of our howitzers.

The battle had lasted fourteen hours. Afterwards I saw dead German soldiers lying in groups in the rye field. Thirty-nine enemy tanks, two motor lorries and a staff car were destroyed, about two companies of infantry wiped out. We had captured a considerable quantity of motor-cycles, bicycles, rifles, machine-guns and ammunition.—*Soviet War News.*

Siftings From the News

The King contributed twelve bottles of 1815 Waterloo brandy to Red Cross wine sale.

Women Post Office workers may discard stockings, but must wear skirts, not trousers, if serving at counters.

New type of British tank has been named "Crusader" in view of work it accomplished in Middle East.

Nazis are endeavouring to acquire rail trucks from Spain, as these fit wide gauge in Russia.

Dr. Colijn, former Netherlands Prime Minister, has been sent to a German concentration camp.

Five hundred Cretan women were deported to Germany for taking part in defence of their island.

Special spectacles for use with Service gas mask are to be provided for Home Guards who need them.

New secret anti-Hitler broadcasting station, calling itself "Christian Radio," sends out messages in five languages.

Germans have taken a census of poultry in Belgium. Only one chicken per inhabitant is to be allowed.

Two-thirds of British Columbia's total 1941 production of tinned salmon is to be shipped to Britain.

Shops of asbestos sheets on timber frame, built in a day, are now open in Coventry.

Prospective mothers are to be given 50 coupons to provide baby clothes.

Meat, bacon and eggs are now practically unobtainable in Norway.

Curfew at 8 p.m. was imposed on citizens of Liége as punishment for acts of sabotage.

Postage stamps are now lighter in shade, in order to save valuable dyes.

Over 650,000 airgraph letters have been received from British Forces in Middle East.

Aeroplanes, not films, are now the chief product of Los Angeles.

Russian broadcaster stated casualties in five weeks of Soviet-German war reached 3,000,000.

A mule which saw active service in the last war is now working on a farm in Gloucestershire.

Long-distance transmitting radio was found in diplomatic baggage of German Embassy official in Buenos Aires.

Shell splinters from Hampstead raids, auctioned in U.S.A., raised enough to provide a Y.M.C.A. tea car for Enfield.

Flags at half-mast at Constance, Baden, led to reports that Russians had annihilated entire Constance regiment.

The Editor's Postscript

HERE is an idea of which Mr. Brendan Bracken might think well. Have already expressed it in a letter published in the "Daily Telegraph," but owing to the promise of success in the V campaign believe it worth repeating. Our fighters in their flights over Occupied France, Belgium and Holland might blaze their sky trails by writing occasional Vs in the same way that commercial planes used to advertise various articles. In November last, when discussing in my Jottings in No. 65 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the vaporous vision revealed, alas, only to two or three local village women, in the sky over Firle Beacon of the Saviour on the Cross supported by "six angels on each side," I mentioned my own experience in the same vicinity a week or two later "a vast V-shaped blaze in the sunset sky." The left limb of the mile-or-more-high letter thinned away at the top into white vapour, but the letter as a whole stood solid and vividly aflame, retaining its volume and density for nearly 20 minutes of my journey. I offered the explanation that "a bright young Hurricane pilot had shot down the three-engined enemy bomber I also saw that afternoon, and in his ecstasy of victory traced this gigantic V by making a dive of a mile or so and zooming up to the same height again at the appropriate angle."

HEARD Miss Dorothy Thompson's broadcast tonight while staying at a country hotel. Felt that here is a Voice of incalculable value to the Anglo-American cause: the charming accents of the feminine expressing a masculinity of thought. This was the first time one had the pleasure of listening to her without the distortion which always accompanies a relay or recording of a talk from U.S.A., as she was speaking in person from an unidentified studio of the B.B.C. At the moment I find it difficult to write even this brief impression, as my writing table is within earshot of an American bar (why are these so called: is it the noise?) where a number of modern young ladies are screeching with laughter in the company of their military menfolk (wonder what can be so funny for all that!); but, there, just heard them setting off in their cars (whence the petrol?) and all is delightfully quiet once more.

Noise is certainly a common American characteristic; but could anything be more remote from the noisy than the low dulcet tones of Miss Thompson's cultured voice which carry her admirable phrasing and fine, confident, thoughtful observations so clearly across the ether? When the time comes to assess the individual contributions to the winning of the War and the downing of Hitlerism, Dorothy Thompson, by virtue of both pen and personality, is assured of a high place. More power to her.

I READ with some interest today that Sir Nicholas Gratton-Doyle, who has just died, was "one of the few M.P.s who still kept to the top hat, a black hat in the winter and grey in summer." It is interesting to know that any Member of Parliament still lagged so far behind the changing fashions of our times, and I look back a little incredulously upon my own days when I arrived in town each morning with a silk hat and frock coat to carry on my editorial work, which was so much better discharged in an old jacket and a loose collar, as soon as I discarded the conventional garb of respectability and sat down at my desk. Sir Oswald Mosley's grandfather was distinguished for little else than having worn to the end of his days an old-fashioned silk hat of the shape that Tony Weller wore when seated on the dickey of his stage coach—that and being the founder of the standard bread movement in 1911.

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See Announcement in Number 91 for

PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL BINDING OFFER

The publishers will undertake to bind the weekly numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED into volumes at a special inclusive charge of 6/- per volume for the Standard Binding or for the De Luxe Binding 10/6 per volume. These charges include cost of binding case, packing and return carriage. It is important that the details given in the announcement on the back cover of Number 91 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED be complied with.

THE clinging to fashions that have become entirely obsolete is, in my thinking, an indication of a certain personal vanity, just as the wearing of anything so stupid as a silk hat forty years ago was the opposite—for it was conforming to the general. But to break away from a foolish, long-established custom by introducing something more practical need carry no suspicion of vanity about it. The late Kennedy Jones, who was Lord Northcliffe's very competent associate in the founding of the "Daily Mail" was one of the first, if not the very first, to get rid of the silk hat and frock coat habit by appearing in Fleet Street with a "boater" and lounge suit. And now the boater is almost as obsolete as the "tile," having succumbed to the Trilby. I hope that our new and unexpected collaboration with Soviet Russia may not presage a vogue for the cloth cap of the coalminer, the cowherd, and the golfer! But fashion's freaks are beyond controlling, and one never knows. I still have two or three top hats stowed away somewhere; the most up to date has, like Dick Phenyl's dress trousers, "been going to funerals for years," also to weddings, and not infrequently to dinner parties until Hitler put the lid on that side of our social enjoyment.

A LETTER from one of my correspondents in Canada states that the writer has been a reader of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED from the first issue and only lately, owing to the severe restrictions imposed upon our paper supplies to meet the perplexities of an unprecedented situation, has he experienced occasional difficulty in getting his weekly copy. His last letter begins: "Since the start of this present European unpleasantness I have been receiving (with occasional jerks) your wonderful magazine . . ." I believe that his circumlocution for the Second World War is one that is still used in Ireland in the past tense, where the Rebellion of 1916 is known as the "late unpleasantness." "The present emergency" as an official description of a state of war is most time-honoured of all those evasions, and I think I have already mentioned in my jottings that I found it used several times over by Plutarch in his "Lives" in connexion with the civil wars of Rome and even the classical campaigns of Alexander and his generals!

THE verb "to rubber" used to be very popular in U.S.A. Perhaps it is no longer in vogue—knowing Americans. But rubbering implied curiosity, and, in my opinion, that is one of the divinest qualities in man: to be interested in the manifestations of life, active and "still," which surrounds each of us from the cradle to the coffin. I've done a lot of rubbering in my time, but never merely from idle curiosity. I've rubber-necked (again Americanese) my way through many countries and hundreds of foreign and far cities; so that I have some sympathy with those who crowd to London's ruins "to see for themselves."

BUT certainly I have no sympathy with those who impede the A.R.P. men in their urgent tasks. A friend of mine, who hasn't been in London since the first bomb fell and had to go through it yesterday on her way north, declined a suggestion I made to guide her through the Temple, the City, round about West End clubland, and other historic areas of the London which she has loved for so many years, on the plea that she wants to remember these only as she knew them. Personally, I think it is a duty to acquaint oneself with the effects of London's ordeal. "See all, nor be afraid." Else is illusion.

REVERTING to rubbering. A good story worth recalling. A passenger in a New York tram was tempted to look occasionally at an appallingly ugly infant which a woman opposite him was nursing. The mother, annoyed at his furtive glances, after a while exclaimed in a loud voice—you need a loud voice in New York trams—"Rubber!" that being the noun in use then for the over-inquisitive. "Thank God," he retorted, "I was afraid it was real!"

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE.
WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. August 15th, 1941. - S.S.